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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

THE CENSORS AGAIN

A WEIRD body, which, for reasons and titles unknown, arrogates to itself the right to decide what posters may be stuck up on the London hoardings, has forbidden the exhibition of a design by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, advertising a play. Inevitably the first thing that strikes an ordinary person about the design, which was promptly published in the daily press, is that it is a great deal better than ninety-nine out of a hundred posters with which we are afflicted. However, some lynx-eyed moralist discovered the nude figure of a woman, and another discerned (with less difficulty) the shape of a cross; and for one or other of these reasons, or for both, this busy body decided that the design was unfit for public exhibition.

It is the old, old story. While anyone in search of these things can always find a half-dozen "suggestive" posters—the revues have been responsible for a fair share of them—which have been promiscuously plastered over the hoardings without having curdled the paste in the bill-stickers' pots, a serious attempt at a dignified and imposing design is immediately felt to be an outrage against morals. On second thoughts, however, we are a little doubtful about this. We cannot easily conceive that the most thin-skinned conventionalist would have found his moral consciousness protesting against Mr. Nevinson's poster. We are bound to suspect that there is some ridiculous rule of thumb, as, for instance, that the exhibition of any nude figure is immoral, and the placarding of any cross irreligious. The only conclusion is that there are very funny people in this world; and that the sooner they are made to feel that they are funny, the better for us all.

In all probability another case of the same kind will be before us soon. A distinguished and courageous publisher has announced his intention of bringing out a second edition of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's novel "The Rainbow." Mr. Lawrence's novel was condemned to be destroyed by a metropolitan magistrate in 1915, at the instance of a common informer. At that time there was no opportunity to organize a protest against this preposterous action. Those members of the writing fraternity who take their art seriously enough to understand, even though they do not approve, "The Rainbow," were then too preoccupied with the war to rally to the defence of one of their most gifted brethren. The common informer, whom no national catastrophe can divert from his sycophantic trade, had his way.

This time there will be no excuse for the case going by default. Whatever may be the critical judgment of Mr. Lawrence's book, the evidence that it is a serious work of literature is simply overwhelming for those who know how to distinguish books from merchandise. And what we have to consider is that Mr. Lawrence as a writer, like Mr. Nevinson as an artist, is one of the most distinguished figures of the younger generation. If anyone of discrimination is asked to name a half-dozen young men of letters whose work has some chance of lasting for another fifty years, Mr. Lawrence will assuredly be among them. We have no desire to give advice to the censors; but if the gentlemen who denounced "The Rainbow" find time heavy on their hands, we know where to direct them. On any ordinary bookstall they can pick up a couple of dozen cheap novels, and not a few periodicals, that deliberately exploit veiled indecency. It is their only attraction, the only reason of their being.

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

NATURE, like a theatre, offers a double object to the mind. There is in the first place the play presented, the overt spectacle, which is something specious and ideal; and then there is something material and profound lying behind and only symbolically revealed, namely, the stage, the actors, and the author. The playful spectacular sort of reality we can pretty well dominate and exhaust, if we are attentive; indeed the prospect, in its sensuous and poetic essence, is plastic to attention, and alters its character according to the spectator's station and faculty; a poetic theme develops as interest in it is aroused, and offers different beauties and different morals to every new critic. The instrumentalities, on the contrary, which bring this spectacle before us, whether they be material or personal, are unfathomable. They are events, not ideas. Even putting together all that carpenters and chemists, biographers and psychologists, might learn about these events, we could never probe them to the bottom.

In the beginning, as for a child at his first pantomime, the play's the thing; and a human audience can never quite outgrow this initial illusion, since this world is a theatre nobody can visit twice. If we could become habitués, old theatre-goers amongst the worlds, we might grow more discriminating; on the whole we might enjoy the performances just as much or even more, perhaps; yet less breathlessly. We should see more and believe less. The pleasure of seeing is one, and the pleasure of believing is quite another; the first liberates our senses and fills the present with light; the second directs our conduct and relieves our anxiety or doubts about the past and future. When the spectator bethinks himself of destiny as well as of beauty, his sensibility becomes tragic, it becomes intelligence. Every picture is then regarded as a sign for the whole situation which has generated it or which it forebodes. The given image, for intelligence, expresses a problematic fact; and intelligence invents various grammatical forms and logical categories by which to describe its hidden enemy or fascinating prey. So spontaneous and dogmatic is the intellect in this interpretation of the scene that the conceived object (however abstractly sketched) is unhesitatingly judged to be, as we say, the real thing: it alone works and acts, whilst the given image is either disregarded altogether or despised as a mere word or phantasm of sense, such as only fools would stop to gaze at. And it is very true, whatever desperate efforts empiricism may make to deny it, that every figure crossing the stage of apprehension is a symbol, or may become a symbol; they all have some occasion and arise out of some deeper commotion in the material world. The womb of nature is full of crowding events, to us invisible; the ballet has machinery behind its vistas and its music; the dancers possess a character and fate in the daylight quite foreign to these fays and shepherds before the footlights; what to us is a pirouette to them is a twitch or a shilling. Shame to the impious egotism that would deny it, and, in order to spare itself the tension of faith and the labour of under-

standing, would pretend to find in experience nothing but a shadowy tapestry, a landscape without a substance. To its invisible substance the spectacle owes not only its existence but its meaning, since our interest in the scene is rooted in a hidden life within us, quite as much as the shifts and colours of the scenery are rooted in tricks of the stage. Nevertheless the roots of things are properly and decently hidden under ground, and it is as childish to be always pulling them up, to make sure that they exist, as it is to deny their existence. The flowers are what chiefly interests a man of taste; the spectacle is what liberal-minded people have come to see. Every image has its specific aspect and æsthetic essence, more or less charming in itself; the sensualist, the poet, the chronicler of his passing visions must take them at their face value, and be content with that. Fair masks, like flowers, like sunsets, like melodies wrung out of troubled brains and strung wire, cover for us appropriately the anatomical face of nature; and words and dogmas are other masks, behind which we too can venture upon the stage; for it is life to give expression to life, transmuting diffused movements into clear images. How blind is the zeal of the iconoclasts, and how profoundly hostile to religious impulse! They pour scorn upon eyes that see not and a mouth that cannot speak; they despise a work of art or of thought for being finished and motionless; as if the images of the retina were less idols than those of the sculptor, and as if words, of all things, were not conventional signs, grotesque counterfeits, dead messengers, like fallen leaves, from the dumb soul. Why should one art be contemptuous of the figurative language of another? Jehovah, who would suffer no statues, was himself a metaphor.

G. SANTAYANA.

ENCOUNTERS

GOOD PRACTICE

WE met in an omnibus last evening. "And where are you going now?" she asked, as she looked at me with amusement.

"I am going, if the awful truth must be told, to dine in Grosvenor Square."

"Lord!" she colloquially replied, "and what do you do that for?"

"I do it because I am invited. And, besides," I went on, "do you remember what the Persian mystics say of the Saints—that the Saints are sometimes Rich, that God sometimes endows those Holy Ones with an outward show of wealth, to hide them from the profane?"

"Oh, does He? The Persian Saints, you mean?"

"Well then, perhaps you may remember what Diogenes answered when they wanted to know why he had asked for a public statue?"

"No; what did he say?"

"He said—but I must tell you another time. I have to get off here. Good-night."

I paused, however, at the door of the bus. "He said," I called back, "'I am practising Disappointment.' That—you know whom I mean?—was his answer."

CHARM

"Speaking of Charm," I said, "there is one quality which I find very attractive, though most people don't notice it, and rather dislike it if they do. That quality is Observation. You read of it in eighteenth-century works—'a Man of much Observation,' they say. So few people," I went on, "really notice anything—they live in theories and thin dreams, and look at you with unseeing eyes. They take very little interest in the real world; but the Observers I speak of find it a source of inexhaustible fascination. Nothing escapes them; they can tell at once what the people they meet are like, where they belong, their profession, the kind of houses they live in. The slightest thing is enough for them to judge by—a tone of voice, a gesture, a way of putting on the hat—"

"I always judge people," one of the company remarked, "by their boots. It's people's feet I look at first. And bootlaces now—what an awful lot bootlaces can tell you!"

As I slipped my feet back under my chair, I subjected my theory of Charm to a rapid revision.

WAXWORKS

"But one really never knows the Age one lives in. How interesting it would be," I said to the lady next me—"How I wish we could see ourselves as Posterity will see us!"

I have said it before, but on this occasion I was struck—almost thunder-struck—by my own remark. Like a rash exorcist, the spirit I had raised myself alarmed me. For a queer second I did see ourselves in that inevitable mirror, but cadaverous and out-of-date and palsied—a dusty set of old waxworks simpering inanely in the lumber-room of Time.

"Better to be forgotten at once!" I exclaimed, with an emphasis that seemed to surprise the lady next me.

THE SPELLING LESSON

I could no longer bear the talk of those whippersnappers. The subject of their laughter was not a thing to joke about. I expressed my conviction briefly, but the time-honoured word I made use of seemed unfamiliar to them—they looked at each other and began whispering in a corner. Then one of them asked in a hushed voice, "It's what, did you say?"

I repeated my monosyllable loudly.

Again they whispered together, and again their spokesman came forward,

"Do you mind telling us how you spell it?"

"I spell it with a W," I shouted. "W-R-O-N-G—Wrong!"

FAME

Somewhat furtively I bowed to the new Moon in Knightsbridge; the little old ceremony was a survival, no doubt, of dark superstition, but the Wish that I breathed was an inheritance from a much later epoch. 'Twas an echo of Greece and Rome, the ideal ambition of great poets and heroes; the thought of it seemed to float through the air in starlight and music; I saw in a bright constellation those stately Immortals, their great names rang in my ears. "May I, too, be worthy!" I whispered incredulous, as I lifted my hat to the thin, remote curve of the unconcerned Moon.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.

Poetry

DEATH OF CHILDHOOD BELIEFS

There the puddled lonely lane,
Lost among the red swamp shallows,
Gleams through drifts of summer rain
Down to ford the sandy shallows,
Where the dewberry brambles crane.

And the stream in cloven clay
Round the bridging sheep-gate stutters,
Wind-spun leaves burn silver-grey,
Far and wide the blue moth flutters
Over swathes of warm new hay.

Scrambling boys with mad to-do
Paddle in the sedges' hem,
Ever finding joy anew;
Clocks toll time out—not for them,
With what years to frolic through!

How shall I return and how
Look once more on those old places?
For Time's cloud is on me now
That each day, each hour effaces
Visions once on every bough.

Stones could talk together then,
Jewels lay for hoes to find,
Each oak hid King Charles agen,
Ay, nations in his powdered rind;
Sorcery lived with homeless men.

Spider Dick, with cat's green eyes
That could pierce stone walls, has flitted—
By some hedge he shakes and cries,
A lost man, half-starved, half-witted,
Whom the very stoats despise.

Trees on hill-tops then were Palms,
Closing pilgrims' harbours in;
David walked there singing Psalms;
Out of the clouds white seraphin
Leaned to watch us fill our bin.

Where's the woodman now to tell
Will o' the Whisp's odd fiery anger?
Where's the ghost to toll the bell
Startling midnight with its clangour
Till the wind seemed but a knell?

Drummers jumping from the tombs
Banged and thumped all through the town,
Past shut shops and silent rooms
While the flaming spires fell down;—
Now but dreary thunder booms.

Smuggler trapped in headlong spate,
Smuggler's mare with choking whinney,
Well I knew your fame, your fate;
By the ford and shaking spinney
Where you perished I would wait,

Half in glory, half in fear,
While the fierce flood, trough and crest,
Whirled away the shepherd's gear,
And sunset wildfire coursed the west,
Crying Armageddon near.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

THE POETRY OF MR. DE LA MARE

POEMS: 1901 to 1908. By Walter de la Mare. 2 vols. (Constable. 27s. 6d. net.)

PEACOCK PIE. A Book of Rhymes by Walter de la Mare. With Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. (Constable. 12s. net.)

SINCE Plato turned his eyes, weary with the flux of things, to a celestial city, whose æry burgomasters kept guard over the perfect and unblemished exemplars of the objects of this bungled world, and a little while after, Jesus told his fishermen that they could find their peace only in the Kingdom of Heaven, where the mansions were innumerable, the subtle and the simple mind alike have been haunted by echoes of an unceasing music and dreams of imperishable beauty. Men's hearts have been swayed between a belief that the echoes and the dreams reached them from a distant eternal world more real than ours, and a premonition that the voice they heard was that of their own soul mysteriously calling them to self-perfection. And even those who have spoken with most conviction and persuasiveness, as though seeing face to face, of the perfect world immune from the rust of time have been the foremost to let fall the warning that their words were a parable. The rare spirits which steer humanity unite within themselves the contrary impulses of men. They live so intimately with their ideals that they are half persuaded of their reality; they think so highly of the soul that a truth for it alone becomes a truth. So they can say in the same breath that the Father's house has many mansions and that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and no man can tell for certain whether "The Republic" is an allegory.

This dream or desire is one of the eternal themes of poetry, not because it is superficially more "poetic" than any other, but because it contains one of the persistent realities of the soul. For if the soul lives in its own right, having a core of active being, it lives by an ideal. There is no escaping that Kingdom of Heaven which is within you, because it is the condition of the soul's vitality. Once begin to make choice between a worse and a better, and you are inevitably bound to recognize its validity; and to live without making the choice, whatever the intellect may tell us, is not life at all. Life, as we know it, cannot bar the gate against the ideal. If it is a dream, it is a dream we live by, and a dream we live by is more real than a reality we ignore.

But if this opposition of the ideal and the real is one of the great essential themes of poetry, it is also one which yields most to the impress of the poet's personality. Between the one pole of a complete belief in the existence of another kingdom of beauty and imperishable perfection, and the other of an unfaltering recognition that these beatitudes exist in and for the soul alone, are infinite possibilities of faith and doubt, inexhaustible opportunities for the creative activity of art. For, apart from the precise mixture of certainty and hesitation in the poet's mind, one of the sovereign gestures of art is to make the ideal real, and to project a dim personal awareness on to a structure of definite inventions. The sense that we are exiled from our own country, that our rightful heritage has been usurped from us, we know not how, may impel one poet to create his kingdom in words and name it with names, people it with fit inhabitants, and another to record the bare fact of his consciousness as a homeless wanderer.

Mr. de la Mare is a poet of the great theme who is distinguished chiefly by his faculty of pressing invention and fancy to the service of his need. He has named his other kingdom with many names; it is Arabia,

Where the Princes ride at noon
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets
Under the ghost of the moon.

It is Tartary; it is Alulvan. Queen Djenira reigns there, and when she sleeps, she walks through

The courts of the lord Pthamasar,
Where the sweet birds of Psuthys are.

Or again it is Thule of the old legend, on which the poet beautifully calls:

If thou art sweet as they are sad
Who on the shore of Time's salt sea
Watch on the dim horizon fade
Ship bearing love and night to thee...

Within its shifting frontiers are comprised all the dim, debatable lands that lie between the Never-Never country of nursery rhyme and the more solid fields to which the city mind turns for its paradise, the terrestrial happiness which only a shake of the gods' dice-box has denied:

Had the gods loved me I had lain
Where danel is and thorn,
And the wild night-bird's nightlong strain
Trembles in boughs forlorn.
Nay, but they loved me not; and I
Must needs a stranger be
Whose every exiled day gone by
Aches with their memory.

That, surely, is a kingdom of solid earth. And yet we wonder. Is it not also rather a symbol and projection of the poet's desiderium, his longingness (to use his own word), than an earthly kingdom from which fate has exiled him? We do not wonder long. The peace that comes from the satisfaction of this haunting desire is not to be found in any actual countryside. Nature has no medicinale balm for this unease. The poet himself tells us that he

Of marvelled who it was that sang
Down the green valleys languidly,
Where the grey elder-thickets hang,
Sometimes I thought it was a bird
My soul had charged with sorcery;
Sometimes it seemed my own heart heard
In land the sorrow of the sea.
But even where the primrose sets
The seal of her pale loveliness,
I found amid the violets
Tears of an antique bitterness.

Wherever the flux of things endures, this antique bitterness endures also. The loveliness of earth comes to the poet with the perpetual shadow of regret; and even the memory of it dissolves into nothingness:

... Beauty vanishes; beauty passes;
However rare—rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?

Life haunted by death, beauty by decay. What remedy will avail against this malady of mankind? Nothing but the courage of a dream. It is fitting therefore that the first, and presumably the earliest, of Mr. de la Mare's collected poems is an attempt to turn, as all the great idealists have tried to turn, the ephemerality of earthly beauty into proof of the existence of a beauty which endures for ever:

The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow hath,
A dark and livelong hint of death,
Haunting it ever till its last faint breath.
Who, then, may tell
The beauty of heaven's shadowless asphodel?

But how to keep the courage of that dream—there is the question. The poet belongs to his age; it is not possible for him to elude it. The shadowless asphodel is haunted by the shadows of the earthly flowers that have died. When the delight of fancy and invention has begun to fade where shall the poet place his other kingdom? What if Arabia and Tartary and Thule and Alulvan cease to delight, and Queen Djenira dreams no more? Not all the Princes of Arabia, with their splendours and their music, can lull the poet's mind into forgetfulness that he

seeks not only a symbol, but a satisfaction for his longing. There comes a time when he knows that the delight of discovering a new name is not the delight of discovering peace. The urgent, incessant question begins to dominate; the pattern in the carpet to appear.

The other kingdom is the kingdom of peace, the country where the soul can rest. And now the poet no more makes a triumphant deduction of immortality from mortality, of the eternal from the temporal. He declares his need, but the place where it will be satisfied is one which no earthly ship will find:

Where blooms the flower when her petals fade,
Where sleepeth echo by earth's music made,
Where all things transient to changeless win,
There waits the peace thy spirit dwelleth in.

And so, by nuances almost imperceptible of emotion and expression, we pass from this undiscoverable country to the clear, comfortless conclusion of what we must consider on this and on other grounds to be Mr. de la Mare's finest poem. In a sense "The Tryst" marks the end of his poetical journey. The curve is complete. The dream is only a dream.

Think! in Time's smallest clock's minutest beat
Might there not rest be found for wandering feet?
Or 'twixt the sleep and wake of Helen's dream,
Silence wherein to sing love's requiem?

No, no. Nor earth, nor air, nor fire, nor deep
Could lull poor mortal longingness asleep.
Somewhere there Nothing is; and there lost man
Shall win what changeless vague of peace he can.

On the path of that curve all Mr. de la Mare's memorable poetic achievements—and they are many—will be found. On it, too, will be found the greater part of those rhymes for children which, to the casual glance, seem to be eccentric to it. For, as we have said, Arabia is on the same continent as the Never-Never land of the nursery rhyme; they march with one another. They were created to satisfy the same impulse. In the magic kingdom of childhood "the shadowless asphodel" seemed really to exist, in a realm where all perfections and splendours and beauties persisted without change; and one might truly regard Mr. de la Mare's "grown-up" poetry as an effort to recapture the simple certainty of that childhood belief, or to express the regret at the shadows that have encroached upon it. Therefore his rhymes for children take a definite place in his poetry as a whole, and are also essentially different from other rhymes of the kind; they are the natural, inevitable expression of the poet's deepest feeling. How natural and inevitable can be seen, if not from the tenor of this exposition, from the final verse of the exquisite poem "Dreams":

What can a tired heart say,
Which the wise of the world have made dumb?
Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
"Return again, come!"

J. M. MURRY.

THE sudden death of Mr. William Heinemann on the 4th inst. removes from us one of the most deservedly famous of modern publishers. Born at Surbiton in 1863, and apprenticed to Messrs. Trübner, he acquired a wide knowledge of continental literature; eventually in 1890 he founded his own publishing house. In his production of permanent work by contemporary writers he ranks high among publishers. He was one of the pioneers of six-shilling novels, and he also made a laudable but unsuccessful experiment with the unit-system, by which the size of a novel regulated its price. Himself a writer, he published three dramas, "The First Step" (1895), "Summer Moths" (1898), and "War" (1901); but he will be remembered rather by his energy and valour in introducing to English readers such writers as Björnson, Tolstoy, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and Turgenev, and (in another direction) such books as Coleridge's "Anima Poeta" and "Letters," and the "Memorials" and "Posthumous Works" of De Quincey.

GOOD HUNTING

A SOLDIER'S SHIKAR TRIPS. By H. G. Mainwaring. (Grant Richards. 16s. net.)

NOT the least of the attractions which the British Army had, in the days of all good things, the days before the war, to offer its officers was sport in every variety under every possible condition. Civilian polo, for example, has long been a rich man's game, but the comparatively poor Infantry subaltern could enjoy it in India and South Africa. Big-game shooting, if the skill that comes only from long training were to be attained, demanded not only riches but leisure, though a few lucky civilians of moderate means contrived to fit one trip into their "grand tour." But in India, again, the subaltern had his chance of tiger—not so good a place, perhaps, as the rajah or the wandering great one, but then subalterns have been known to compensate themselves for that disadvantage by "holding straighter" than either rajahs or wandering great. And in Africa officers with literally nothing but their pay might hope to bag the king of the chase himself, together with elephants, hippo and fifty kinds of gazelle and antelope.

The author of this book is, apparently, not a poor man, judging by the scale on which his expeditions were fitted out, but it was the Army which gave him most of his opportunities. His story differs from that of most other hunters which we have read, firstly because he tells it better, in a most excellent diary, with temperatures noted at least twice a day, and, secondly, in that he has been extraordinarily successful. On his Somaliland trip, for example, his party of three had a bag of 134 head of game, including three elephants, two lions, ten rhinoceri, fifteen zebras, thirty-one oryx and sixteen hartebeest. Modest as he is, he cannot conceal from us that such a record could only be attained by very straight shooting and great physical fitness. This expedition had the honour of being the first white men to penetrate a beautiful valley, "the Eden of Somaliland," richly wooded and covered with fresh green grass, where they had excellent sport. They had to take a hand in native politics, a Sultan threatened with a raid by the Abyssinians asking for a "scrap of paper" to show in case of attack.

So I wrote on a piece of foolscap:

"This is to certify that 'Gerad' or 'Sultan Abdullah,' Chief of the Ahmed Abdullah tribe, to the best of my belief, is or was under British Protection."

This I placed in an official envelope, "O.H.M.S.," and gave to the bearer, hoping that it would be of service.

They said that if the Abyssinians saw anything connected with the English they would leave the matter alone.

In days when Imperialism has been somewhat "blown upon" this incident makes pleasant reading.

General Mainwaring was accustomed to live hard on his hunting trips, but he did not go without such creature comforts as could be carried. The list of camp equipment, kit and stores given in an appendix would probably have been of more service to the pre-war sportsman than to his successor of to-day. The tins of jams, marmalade, fresh herrings with shrimp sauce, French plums, San José peaches and plum pudding make one's mouth water. We fancy in future all but war profiteers, who will probably not get General Mainwaring's results, whatever their equipment, will have to be more modest in their requirements.

This book, illustrated as it is by excellent and sometimes beautiful photographs, will be enjoyed by hunters themselves, and will give stay-at-home mortals the arm-chair thrills which are their only substitute for the primitive delight of hunting wild animals in wild places. C. F.

THE committee of the Coventry Public Libraries, summing up the past year's work, remark a considerable increase in the demand for books on history and travel, belles-lettres, science and the arts.

THE WAR AGAINST ASCENDANCY

THE WAR FOR MONARCHY. By J. A. Farrer. (Swarthmore Press. 15s. net.)

IN the comfortable Victorian days most of us firmly believed in a mysterious quality called statesmanship. True that we were by no means of one mind as to its exponents; that good Liberals hotly denied the claims of Beaconsfield and Salisbury, while earnest Conservatives were just as sceptical about the merits of Gladstone. True, too, that when viewed at close quarters the minor members of the divided hierarchy, at any rate, appeared to be of quite common clay, mere barristers or country gentlemen turned politicians; and, so far from being gifted above their fellow-men, to practise, in Burke's famous phrase, the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration. Still this sacrosanct thing termed statesmanship was held to exist no less surely than the Albert Memorial or Drury Lane melodrama, and in obedience to that theory the wisdom of the living generation was reported at prodigious length, while histories were written to expound the sagacity of the dead. The South African War administered a shock to this complacency, with its revelation of astounding miscalculation in plan and ineptitude in execution. The Great War toppled it over altogether, disclosing as it did a chaotic scene of blundering and plundering, of broken pledges and squandered wealth, of ministers and diplomatists become the mannikins of fate. And so we go back to Matthew Arnold, that demolisher of conventions and shams, and wander between two political worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.

This disillusionment as to the immediate past is reacting on pasts more remote, and we get books like this most able one of Mr. Farrer's, for example, surveying the War of the French Revolution with the eye not of the annalist, but of the analyser. He has been reading Alison, an exhaustive and exhausting historian who believed that Providence fought on the side of the Tories, as in the end it did, only the Tories, when they came to make peace, did not play a square game with Providence. Mr. Farrer attacks the subject afresh, and as subjected to his crucible there is not much left of Alison, nor, for that matter, of "the pilot who weathered the storm" and the successors of Pitt. It would be captious to quarrel with him, because he is at ingenious pains to make out that his fellow-countrymen were wrong: Pitt wrong, Canning wrong, Castlereagh wrong, Wellington wrong. That is a hopelessly old-fashioned Victorian argument, and if they were really wrong, there is an end of the matter. Only were they quite as wrong as he tries to substantiate? Mr. Farrer appears to regard warfare as a definite undertaking which statesmen can pick up when they like, leave alone when they like, and stop when they like. He prays Socrates in aid, approving of that sage's observation: "All wars arise for the gain of money, and we are compelled to gain money for the body's sake, being slaves to its service." But the old Stagyrte, as Sala delighted to call him, was a somewhat facile oracle, and a theory that deduces multitudinous and complex events from a single cause must be superficial. Thucydides with greater prudence, confined himself to a particular war, and of it he wrote: "The real though not avowed cause I believe to have been the growth of the Athenian power, which terrified the Lacedæmonians and forced them into war." And in the cynical speech which he put into the mouths of the Athenian envoys at Sparta, that most human revelation of his own embittered heart, he attributed the development of the Athenian power to circumstance: "fear was our first motive; afterwards honour, and then interest stepped in." That is a truer philosophical sequence, making profiteering, colonial acquisitions, if

any, and indemnities, if any, accidents rather than origins. War resolves itself, therefore, into the reaction against the ascendancy—possibly imaginary, since the results are unknown—of any one State or group of States; it is created, as Thucydides defines it, by mutual suspicions and fears.

"The war will take place," wrote Napoleon in 1811 to the Duke of Württemberg, "in spite of myself, in spite of the Emperor Alexander, in spite of French and of Russian interests. I have seen it so often, and it is my experience of the past which reveals to me the future." That is, of course, the fatalist doctrine, which Tolstoy pushed to an extreme when he maintained in "War and Peace" that Napoleon did not matter, or Alexander, or Metternich, or Kutusoff. But speculation of that sort lands us in Manicheism, and all kinds of deplorable heresies which are best left to liberal-minded bishops and canons to dabble in. It is sufficient to point out that neither Emperors in their camps nor diplomatists in their offices enjoy that fine latitude of statement and surmise that belongs to Mr. Farrer as he sits with his authorities round him. Even an autocrat has to reckon with public opinion, or at least Court opinion, as Alexander discovered after he had impulsively entered into the Treaty of Tilsit. Allies have to be taken into account in many cases, themselves actuated by every kind of motive. And what of the enemy, potential or actual? Is he sincere or is he negotiating to gain time and help? The historian can weigh information at his leisure; he can discount the credulity of Pitt's Miles, that "old fool" as Lord Rosebery somewhere calls him, the royalist rancour of Pitt's Wickham and the conceit of Canning's Wansou. Those immersed in affairs had to take statements, which frequently came drifting home weeks after they were written, more or less at face value, and so they undoubtedly allowed their hopes in some cases to get the better of their reason. In reviewing the last stages of the war, at least, Mr. Farrer does the Allies something less than justice. Maret, Duc de Bassano—an able man, despite Talleyrand's epigram that nobody was so stupid as the Duc de Bassano except M. Maret—Cambacérès and Caulaincourt all implored Napoleon to make peace. He refused, partly because he was gambling on battle after battle, partly because he could not trust the Powers. Even more fatal than the atmosphere of cannon-smoke is the poison-gas of uncertainty that war invariably engenders.

In a sense it was a "War for Monarchy," but only because the governments happened to be monarchical. The brutal reality decided that each side should fight for its own skin. The Girondins plunged into hostilities because they were genuinely afraid of a Bourbon restoration forced on them by the Powers; the Powers took up the challenge because they were alarmed by the propagandist portents of trees of liberty, *carmagnoles* and the rest of it. Both parties were the aggressors from one point of view, from another they were the attacked. And as the war began, so it continued and so it ended. No catch-phrase is more fatuous than the "verdict of history." A book quite as plausible as Mr. Farrer's might be constructed on the principle of taking the "nots" out of his negative sentences and putting them into his positive assertions. We grope for decisions on main principles, and on minor points make up our minds by the toss of the intellectual coin. Some obscurities will no doubt be cleared up as archives yield their secrets. Who was it, for example, that sent news to Canning from Tilsit of the French intention to seize the Danish fleet, and was he a true or false reporter? Sir George Forrest declared in THE ATHENÆUM some years ago, on the authority of the late Lord Clanricarde, that the spy was General Dumouriez, and it may well be that the Canning Papers will set the point at rest. But does it greatly matter?

LL. S.

ORBILIUS NON PLAGOSUS

FROM A COMMON-ROOM WINDOW. By Orbilius. (Oswestry, T. Owen & Son. 2s. net.)

THE schoolmaster through the ages has been, on the whole, content to let others, his pupils for the most part, write his reminiscences for him. If he himself has been author, apart from grammars and sermons, he has chiefly exercised himself in the flowery walks of the muses. Something in his office has prevented him even from wishing to see himself as others see him, until with twenty or thirty years' experience he can afford to do so. We knew one such, in better days; his three score years and ten had been a hard fight for Sir Walter Scott, Xenophon, St. Chrysostom and other declining worthies, and he knew that his efforts (between valour and timidity) had been but lost labour for their particular purposes. Was this man dejected? sensitive to carping tongues, and the pens of the caricaturists? Far from it. M.'s hobby was stamp-collecting, and the wits knew it better than their own names; M.'s system of marks was a plus and minus affair, his favourite classical reference the obols offered to Charon. The situation unfolds itself; while M. was expounding the secrets of *zeugma*, or the last words of Marmion, half of the class would be preparing imitation stamps, decorated with lines of plus and minus symbols, framed in which would appear an owl's delineation of himself, with the inscription below "2 obols 2." It was considered only fair that M. should be given opportunities to capture these contrabands; whereon he would examine the stamp with mock reverence, observe to the owner that the penalty would be a double minus, and request him before coming in next time to produce a large and autographed portrait. He must have had hundreds of these.

Here was a veteran with very few illusions left, whose complacency might have produced some fireside papers impossible to pedagogues like Boyer and Busby, had they lived to be centenarians. They would have been constantly on their guard, *ne quid detrimenti*. Their eyes were lifted up unto the hills where there are no exceptions to any rule; did Boyer know that he had balustrade legs and a weakness for carpentering, or Busby that he was, the cause of private laughter among his so orderly subjects? The lesser veterans only can afford to share in the mirth which they arouse; and of such is "Orbilius."

"Orbilius" not only writes witty, pleasant essays, with plenty of reading to support them, and a trace here and there of the manner of his favourite Elia; he has made the most of a very long experience, and drawn from it a number of deductions at once sane and incisively put. "Without becoming a buffoon, you can very well leave your dignity to itself"; "A layman makes the best chaplain"; of reports, "Nothing must be written which is likely to involve the Headmaster—or yourself—in correspondence with parents"; of Headmasters, "Popular opinion demands a scholar, a diplomat, an orator, a psychologist, a financier, a strategist, for a paltry £300 a year or so." It is an uneven book; but there runs through it all the spirit which "Orbilius" expresses so well himself: "Still with Æneas and his Trojans we can voyage to the Lavinian shores:

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare et æthere ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis:
Cum venti posuere, omnisque repente resedit
Flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonæ."

In his preface he observes that "the most piquant chapters in this collection are those which I have not written. They deal with 'Headmasters' Wives' and 'Governors.'" At the end of the book a humorous postscript explains that "the pleasant things I have to say concerning Headmasters' wives and School Governors could not decently be said in the presence of these classes." We are the poorer.
E. B.

SNAKES IN ICELAND

THE ENGLISH ODE TO 1660. By Robert Shafer. (Princeton University Press; London, Milford. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a good deal to be said for the grand old system of treating the higher academic honours either as a compliment to those who are deserving or as articles of commerce purchasable by those who can afford to pay the requisite fee. It is a system which, at any rate, possesses the advantage of preventing the vain and unnecessary multiplication of theses. Let us think somewhat cosmically for a moment. What is the world's yearly output of theses on English literature? We have no statistics, but considering the number of universities at which English literature is a subject of instruction, it must be very considerable. At this present moment there are hundreds—thousands it may be—of studious young men all busily engaged in writing theses. One sees them with the eye of imagination—dozens of young Englishmen, scores of Americans, lonely students in antique German universities, scholarly Frenchmen and Scandinavians; they are at work in the antipodes, at Tokyo, in Peking, even at Lhasa, who knows? at Khartum and in India; in Moscow they are writing Marxian treatises on English prosody; future Ph.D.'s of Göttingen (Germany) and Göttingen (Nebraska) are plying their pens. At this rate the time will soon come when every conceivable subject of research, both profitable and unprofitable, will have been exhausted. The influence of everyone on everyone else will have been nicely measured; the story of every literary activity in every epoch will have been told, and every author, however deservedly obscure, will have been illumined and examined. After that there will be nothing for it but to write up the subjects all over again or make mixtures and compositions out of the old material. Many admirable theses might, for example, be written about the thesis as a form of literature.

If we are to judge from Mr. Shafer's thesis, we should imagine that subjects are already running rather low. "The English Ode before 1660"—but odes in England then were about as common as were snakes in Iceland in the time of Dr. Johnson. There are no snakes in Iceland, and before 1660 there are next to no odes in England. Mr. Shafer is to be congratulated on his skill in telling us so in more than a hundred and fifty pages, with notes and an eight-page bibliography of the subject. Mr. Shafer examines all the poets between 1500 and 1660 in the hope of finding a few who can plead guilty to an ode or two; but how few are ready to admit the soft impeachment! The obscure John Soothern is found to have stolen a few Pindarics from Ronsard in 1584, but as he was barely capable of writing sense, far less of scanning or rhyming, the theft is not of great significance. Drayton wrote things which might or might not be called odes. Ben Jonson was the author of a few pieces which may certainly be so called. We get no further real satisfaction till practically the end of our period, when Cowley, in 1656, published the outpourings which caused a whole generation to

Leap o'er all eternal truths in its Pindarick way.

It is a meagre catalogue. Mr. Shafer fills his space partly by dismissing at some length the claims of those who have not written odes or who stand on the border-line that separates ode-writers from writers of other lyrics, partly by printing elaborate charts of Pindaric stanzas. At the end of half a page of formulas such as this,

aab5b5ccdd5e2f6feg5h5i6j5h5i6

he concludes thus: "Cowley, as we observe from these analyses, preferred using long stanzas, and he found it convenient to dispose his rhymes prevailingly in couplets."

The deduction is illuminating. Mr. Shafer also fills up space by digressions, the most interesting of which deals with the career of Pindar in England. It is rather melancholy to learn that while no less than thirteen editions of Pindar were published on the Continent during the sixteenth century, the earliest English edition did not appear until 1697. This being the case, we suggest that an instructive thesis might be written on English editions of Pindar before 1600.

A. L. H.

HUMORIST AND MORALIST

LETTERS OF MARK TWAIN. With a Biographical Sketch and Commentary by Albert Bigelow Paine. (Chatto & Windus. 18s. net.)

ABOVE all things authors should be vivid men; They should not be so far below the legend which gathers round them as to disappoint their admirers, when they are encountered in the flesh, or the pages of a biographer who makes the best of them. Every writer of repute creates among his readers a personality in which they come to believe intensely. From his books he is judged to be this or that sort of man, and, when his real self is revealed, the shock comes. These disappointments are common, and, though in America life is more adventurous than with us, we have only to recall Bret Harte and the creator of Uncle Remus to realize personalities much at their best in their books. Mark Twain, one thinks, could not be other than vivid, and he was. A delightful boy—who knows not Tom Sawyer?—he was born to adventure, and achieved it copiously. Yet the young Missouri jobbing printer had no resources except his own pluck and undeveloped brains. He managed, as a steamer pilot, to know by day and night 1,200 miles of the Mississippi; he did it in less than 18 months, and never damaged a boat under his charge. He held his own among the miners of Nevada, and walked 130 miles of bad road to join a newspaper staff. As a successful journalist of the Pacific slope, he might have got a good political place. But he knew his own crudity, and gave up Californian reporting when the tale of "The Jumping Frog" sent his name all over America. He had the enterprise to seek a place as correspondent on an excursion steamer going to the Mediterranean. The cruise produced "The Innocents Abroad," and led to his marriage, the happiest of his ventures. His wife called him "Boy," and there was the overflow of a boyish temperament in his sense of fun, his exploring mind, his delight in swearing, tobacco, billiards, and the blunders he made into capital stories against himself.

So far we have pictured a rectified Philistine of great natural ability. But Mark Twain was more: a moralist and a visionary. We do not call him, with Mr. Paine, "one of the foremost American philosophers of his day." He was not strictly a philosopher at all, but a particularly shrewd and honest judge of human nature, in himself and others. Truth and lying and all the debatable land between interested him intensely, and he tackled them again and again in pungent maxims like "Tell the truth, or trump, but take the trick." He denounced fearlessly the shabby swindles of his own country and its politicians. With no belief in a future life, he had a passion for truth and justice in this world. When, at past sixty, he had retrieved the loss of his fortune by hard work, and paid in full the creditors of his publishing firm, he used his position to become something like a public conscience as well as a world-wide entertainer—a strange combination! It was strange, too, that this shrewd man, who rose above his fellows largely by his good judgment and ability to see and seize a chance, was also a wild visionary. We have to turn to Balzac to see again so much solid work and so many flimsy dreams on hand at once. An elder

brother, Orion, was the dreamer *in excelsis* of the family, hopelessly unstable; but Mark Twain himself lived in a golden haze of inventions. Now it was plasmon, now a patent scrap-book, or—most serious of all—a marvellous type-setting machine, almost human in its exquisite powers, and, alas! human enough to break down. Mark Twain wrote once that he had been an author for twenty years and an ass for fifty-five. We cannot rank his "Joan of Arc" as his best work; but it is significant of his love of history and memoirs, which was a piece of good luck for his humour. Twenty or even ten pages of sheer fun are apt to bore us. A jest's prosperity in print depends not only on the reader, but also on its context. If that is solid and serious, the jest comes with a better grace of surprise. Mark Twain was quite a good descriptive writer with a happy interest in the number of things the world contains. There is sound information in his travel books, though he is best on his own doings and sufferings as pilot and miner. But, whatever the book, his humour gains by its serious background.

Mr. Paine has already written the life of his friend in over 1,000 pages, and now he has made another memoir by supplying connecting passages between the letters, adding in front a short biography. This biographical zeal has, perhaps, led to the inclusion of letters which serve to represent a period, but not so well a humorist. Many pages deal with literary bargains and arrangements—a tedious tale to read which spoils the correspondence of many authors. The earlier letters show little trace of humour, but Mark Twain, after he had developed, could always have written good letters. He had not the time. Often he writes as one deep in work; or in domestic emotions, which—with his singular detached candour—he sees the later world deriding. It is the record of a happy life, but not an easy one. Good letter-writing is a matter of leisure, which Mark Twain could only occasionally afford. The average reader may skip a good deal, but not too hastily, as he will find in odd places shrewdness and wit. One of the family trials was Orion:

I cannot encourage him to try the ministry, because he would change his religion so fast that he would have to keep a travelling agent under wages to go ahead of him to engage pulpits and board for him.

I cannot conscientiously encourage him to do anything but potter around his little farm and put in his odd hours contriving new and impossible projects at the rate of 365 a year—which is his customary average.

Another trial was Mark Twain's literary conscience, which led him to cancel and revise endlessly. In his wife he had an invaluable critic, and we note that she was not well enough to revise "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." The perfect relations of the pair shine out of the happy chaff concerning her severity. W. D. Howells, too, proved a close and critical friend. We hope some day to read his end of a long correspondence.

Altogether, our irritation at Mark Twain's crudities and limitations is lost in our admiration of his work and personality, which these Letters increase. He believed in luck, got it, deserved it. He was an artist as well as a humorist. If Mr. Paine had been less biographical, he might have done more to illustrate the humour. Where, for instance, is the pleasantly infuriated letter about inventors, and that other which, acknowledging a photograph of somebody else supposed to be very like him, declares that he is going to frame it, and use it as a mirror to shave by? Over here we do not want views on Man—we have enough of them: we want more of the writer who said of a flimsy bridge over a torrent in Switzerland that the larger raindrops made it shake.

V. R.

We are glad to receive the fourth and enlarged edition of Mr. Frederick Harrison's "Notes on Sussex Churches" (Combridges, 56, Church Road, Hove, 5s. net). It is a volume for the traveller's pocket, concise and thorough.

A PERSONAL VISION

THE EARTH SPIRIT: SYMBOLICAL AND OTHER PIECES. By Millar Dunning. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS a more extensive acquaintance with European literature and literary forms would enable us to find the right label for Mr. Dunning. Doubtless more than one label will be proposed; we shall view each of them with suspicion. Mr. Dunning's own subdivisions do not help us; his Symbolical Pieces, Sketches, Miscellaneous Pieces, are grouped by their obvious resemblances and differences; but there is a curious quality, and the same quality, manifest in all of them which we find it difficult to define. Nearly each piece bears witness to great literary power; there are many passages of pure poetry, but it is in their implications that these pieces are so unfamiliar and strangely disturbing. They are the work of a literary artist, but of an artist whose first concern is not to be simply an artist. He may be a prophet or he may be merely a preacher, but he makes the doubt possible. The pieces called symbolical have no obvious symbolism; they may represent spiritual experiences, they may be intended to be prophetic of the race, but this indefiniteness, which should be a source of weakness, is not perceived as such. They have something of the paradoxical indefiniteness of music.

And we are aware that this is not an effect cunningly sought after, it is not the outcome of subtle literary devices; it is somehow the product of a sustained attitude towards life. We see this more clearly in the Sketches, little essays on such familiar things as "Red Lion Square" and "An English Village." Because these things are familiar we can estimate more precisely the transmutation they have undergone in these pages. And we see at once that Mr. Dunning's peculiar effect is not that of discovering beauty "everywhere," but rather of attaching to all things a significance, a pregnancy, in some dramatic destiny. What this destiny may be we are not told; Mr. Dunning is not writing a treatise on philosophy. For the purposes of these pieces it is an assumption which lends values to each item of his vision. The items of our common knowledge are here regrouped; they hint at an unsuspected meaning. The cold grey of our rationalistic vision is here shot with violent colours. We are moved, we are excited, we feel that this new outlook is consistent with its own grounds, and at the end, as at the close of a piece of music, we cannot say what we have understood. Yet, again like music, we feel that these essays have done more than pass our time; something lasting has been gained, even although we cannot exhibit it to others. If Mr. Dunning intended more than this he has failed. He cannot make us share his vision; it is only in so far as we do that already that he can speak to us at all—one must have an "ear" for music. Nevertheless, avoiding this implication of his own philosophy, Mr. Dunning has tried to address the whole world in his last two essays, on "The Subconscious Influence of Nature" and "Sanatana Dharma."

He has failed, as was inevitable. We are not convinced that the influence of Nature on man is of the kind he indicates; he persuades us that it is, but the very method he adopts shows that he could as readily have persuaded us of the contrary. And the last essay, on India as the source of the knowledge it most concerns us to know—we are not sure it is knowledge. Mr. Dunning can do no more than assert; he must not expect the menace of drum beats and muted violins to convince us that the earth is really on fire, or that we are really making towards destruction. If, on other grounds, we come to this conclusion, then, for us, Mr. Dunning is prophetic. But he will discover his disciples; he will not make them.

A KINGDOM BY THE SEA

THEY WENT. By Norman Douglas. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. NORMAN DOUGLAS is a writer who pleases us. We like his manner; we like his sense of beauty and his irony; we like above all, perhaps, his intelligence and his point of view. His travel books are among the few travel books that never bore us: they have exactly the same qualities as his novels—the same lightness of touch, the same gaiety, the same tolerant, disillusioned understanding of life, the same irony and beauty. In spirit these books are Latin rather than English, though we have an idea that Peacock was always trying to write a novel like "South Wind." Perhaps it would be fairer to say that Mr. Douglas has developed and transformed the Peacockian novel, carrying it to a point far beyond the reach of that charming if uneven writer: for Peacock is often clumsy and very often dull, while it is impossible to imagine Mr. Douglas being either.

The setting of this kind of novel does not, obviously, offer great scope for variety: the essential thing is to bring together a heterogeneous group of people, and allow them to act and talk and fulfil their destinies with as much freedom as possible. The Island of Nepenthe was such a device, the pagan pleasure-city of "They Went" is another: Peacock, by choosing an English country-house, limited himself enormously. No country-house, at all events, with however eccentric a host, could possibly shelter the kind of people Mr. Norman Douglas finds it most to his purpose to write about. It is true that the scheme of "They Went" is not such a delightful inspiration as was the scheme of "South Wind"; nor has Mr. Douglas risen here quite so spontaneously to his opportunity. There is nothing in the later tale that was not more perfectly present in the earlier, while "South Wind," all round, was a bigger performance, richer, riper, both in form and substance more mature.

Let nobody imagine from this that we have not enjoyed "They Went." This sun-baked city by the sea, glittering in all the light and heat and colour of the South, corrupt as the Cities of the Plain, yet fair and smiling in its corruption, arises before us in the empty air like some magic vision. It is no dead city; it is alive with a luxurious, Oriental, and violent life. We watch it in the building, and we watch it when the avenging sea sweeps over it again. Such a city, half-real, half-fantastic, is a fitting background to the bizarre, unattached, and remarkably unscrupulous persons to whom Mr. Douglas is about to introduce us. And if these persons are less interesting than those in "South Wind," it is not because they are less alive, but only because they are more remote from the modern world. This princess about whom everything revolves is like some figure escaped from a Beckford tale. Young, beautiful, light-hearted, passionately, if capriciously, interested in art, though herself practising only the arts of love and murder—she is less dear to us than the more sympathetically disreputable ladies of Nepenthe, but she is nevertheless extremely entertaining. And so it is with the others—with Mother Manthis, the "quite-too-chaste-and-venerable" arch-druidess, and Theophilus the mysterious Greek merchant. It may seem a rash thing to say, but we feel convinced that, in spite of the slenderness of its plot, "They Went" would have been improved by expansion. One would have welcomed that intellectual comedy which must have resulted from the bringing together of Theophilus and Kenwyn the Christian missionary. After all, these novels are but the romantic, whimsical, and ironic expression of Mr. Norman Douglas's own philosophy of life, and such encounters give him exactly the opportunity of which his brilliant talent can best avail itself.

F. R.

ENTERTAINMENT—AND OTHER-WISE

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER. By A. P. Herbert. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)

LARRY MUNRO. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE FOURTH DIMENSION. By Horace A. Vachell. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

HUNDREDS of years hence, we venture to prophesy, the curtains will divide and discover a young man in a check suit with a bow-tie much too big for him and a straw hat much too small, standing with his back to a glade of yellowing beech trees and reddening bracken and saying: "A friend of mine came home late one night—early one morning, I should say—and his wife's mother happened to be staying with them at the time. I ought to have mentioned that he hadn't been married longer than you might have expected. . . What are you laughing at?" Yes, they will be laughing, and at the word "twins" the laughter will swell into a roar. For—and the reasons are many and curious, and well worth inquiring into—it is the melancholy fact that precious little is needed to amuse and divert people. They are ready to accept almost anything, and really, there are times when it seems that the staler the entertainment the more successful it is likely to be. . . Let the song be—not the same song we heard last time, but a "new" one so like it that we know just when to laugh and beat. Let us be able to recognize the heroine the moment she tosses her bright head, and grant us the flattering satisfaction of never being taken in by the dark but too good-looking young man. The effect upon popular fiction of this easy acceptance is to fill the bookshelves ninety times nine with the old, old story. After all, if the public is content, why bother to give it the new, new story? And why, when success is so easy, not have it and hold it from this time forth for evermore? It is not as though the pastime novel were out to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

At this dismal juncture we should like to introduce an exception; it is "The House by the River," by Mr. Herbert. Here is a novel which does set out deliberately to be an amusement and a distraction, and, at the same time, its author has succeeded in giving a wonderfully vivid and convincing portrait of a certain "type" of young man—one Stephen Byrne, a young poet who has the great misfortune to murder the housemaid almost by accident when he is alone with her in the house one evening. We heartily commend this book to the readers of THE ATHENÆUM; it is excellent entertainment, and it is, in a way not quite easy to define, "something new." How far does Mr. Herbert intend to deceive us with that high-spirited and rather ordinary beginning? And then, little by little, just when we imagine we begin to see what the picture is like, with a stroke here, a stroke there, a sharpening of this line, an accenting of that—all is changed. Stephen Byrne and his wife Margery emerge—real, brilliantly seen—in the case of Stephen indeed, diabolically real. You see Mr. Herbert's method is to change nothing, alter nothing, present Life in a cultured little back-water just as it is—rather delightful, rather vain—to keep the surface, in fact, untroubled and yet broken with charming little emotions. And then, just as we are caught in the glow from some old world dining-room window, we are permitted to see what is happening inside that ideal house for a poet, and there is the poet strangling the housemaid. The affair was easy enough to explain. He had dined very well, he had come home in a glow himself, and, full of vague kindling feelings, he had watched the sun set over the river. Then, because he was not in the humour for writing and there was no one to share his emotion with him, he felt vaguely dissatisfied, and drank a glass of port just as Emily came downstairs, rosy and uncommonly pretty after her warm bath. He said

fatuously, "Had a nice bath, Emily?" and "he put one arm round her as she passed, lightly, almost timidly." Then he did a thing he had never done before—kissed the housemaid—and she screamed; and the scream startling him back to reality and a consciousness of the neighbours, . . . "Playfully almost, he put his hands at Emily's throat." But the idiotic girl would take it seriously, would make a noise, bit his hand, maddened him, so that when he let go she was dead.

What would you do if you, a successful young poet, with a delightful wife, charming home, delicious little-daughter-and-her-rabbits, and a golden future, found yourself in such an incredibly unexpected "hole"? Couldn't you act well enough, lie convincingly enough, to deceive the stupid world? And mightn't the fact that you were an imaginative writer be an immense help? It nearly saved Stephen Byrne, but then the temptation to see the affair from the writer's point of view, to "use it" as copy (changed, of course, out of all knowledge, disguised as a romance of chivalry, with Emily buried most beautifully, most movingly in a lonely lake instead of thrust into a sack and tipped into the Thames), was too strong for Stephen. He yielded and was undone. As to having murdered Emily, that in itself, Mr. Herbert's pen makes us feel, was the kind of thing that might happen to any man. It's the fuss afterwards that matters—the law—hanging—the last morning's breakfast—that can't be got over. . .

"Larry Munro" is for other readers. Is this Miss G. B. Stern the author of "Children of No Man's Land"? In that novel she packed so many talents that it would not hold together; it flew apart and was all brilliant pieces, but in this! Larry Munro, we repeat, and once again Larry Munro. That is all there is to be said for it. Miss Stern herself strings a quantity of more or less bright little beads in between, but they are scarcely visible for the flashing, all-a-quivering Larry Munros of which her chain is composed. It is not stupid—it is silly; not clever—but bright; and it is so sentimental that it makes the reader hang his head.

"Within three days she was in the thick of it, slightly befogged but happy. She had told herself she was an outsider, beyond the pale that encompassed these smart London folks. It astonished her how easy it was to get on with them." This is your country mouse arrived at the Castle to help the Duchess with her theatricals. "Amongst the guests who were not concerned . . . might be found a Cabinet Minister, a famous doctor and a hanging Judge." That hanging Judge, who appears from time to time in novels without his black cap, strikes the key for us. Mr. Vachell plays the familiar tune. It is entirely without surprises.

K. M.

PILGRIMAGE. By Lord Gorell. (Longmans. 6s. net.)—Lord Gorell possesses what is, so far as we are aware, the unique distinction of having written a war poem in Spenserian stanzas. With a laudable industry he has moulded a long description of "Autumn in Flanders" into this least suitable of all possible forms. This is how he describes the arrival of the relieving battalion and the departure of the relieved:

Our welcomers are waiting, and they speak
Unaltered in their trogloditic home;
With ready careless banter, all they seek
Is speedy means of yielding up the loam
That they have tenanted beneath the dome
Of heaven inscrutable; we struggle through
Impatient groups, and with our questions roam
The buttressed burrowed ways and closely view
The trappings of a life so ancient and so new.

The effect is certainly unusual. The remainder of the volume is filled by short lyrics and a series of longer pieces, narrative and discursive.

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE OCCUPATION OF LAND IN IRELAND IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Patrick G. Dardis. (Maunsell. 7s. 6d. net.)—This is a thesis for which the degree of Master of Arts (in Economics) with Honours was conferred on the author by the National University of Ireland. Mr. Dardis must be considered fortunate, not because his book is indifferent, for it is quite a thoughtful study, but because it has required so much less research than most aspirants to Honours in economic history have to do. His materials have been the Report of the Devon Commission of 1844, a few volumes of Commons Papers, and fewer than twenty books on Irish conditions, of which Lord Dufferin's important "Irish Emigration and Land Tenure" has been most largely drawn upon. Round these he has written what amounts to an interesting essay, rather than a history of tenure in the "slump" period that followed the Napoleonic wars.

He is generally fair in his treatment of his subject, though it is not difficult to see where his political and religious sympathies lie. He is careful to point out what splendid work was done by landlords such as Lords Palmerston and Caledon for the improvement of an inherently bad system. He regards the absenteeism brought about by the Union as one of the worst elements in the situation. It is a curious fact that in a land where the shooting of the landlord has been so extensively practised, there are yet landlords, of alien race and religion, living on such terms of affection and intimacy with their tenants as are only to be met with in Celtic countries.

Sometimes, however, indignation carries him too far, as when he declares that the trickeries of agents were due to so many of them being attorneys. "It would have been against human nature for a man qualified to practise at law to withstand the temptation of feathering his nest at the expense of the tenants." Solicitors must have grown used to jokes at their expense, but they hardly expect to find them in economic histories.

THE DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN NATURALIST IN INDIA. By E. P. Stebbing. (Lane. 21s. net.)—There is a good deal more of the sportsman than of the naturalist about this Diary. It is chiefly a record of adventures undergone in hunting wild beasts, although, in the process, Mr. Stebbing naturally learned a good deal about their habits. He describes his experiences fairly graphically, although, after a few pages, we have too much confidence in his shooting to be seriously alarmed for him. He was "treed" once, it is true, and there was some chance that the heat would make him fall off his branch in another hour or two. But his native servants were coming to look for him, and Mr. Stebbing had had a shot at the animal. We waited, with some composure, for that shot to do its business, and presently, to our total lack of surprise, it did. The beast had been dead for some time when Mr. Stebbing at last descended his tree. We are not sportsmen, but we do not object much to Mr. Stebbing's amusement; we agree that shooting tigers stands on a higher moral level than hunting foxes. The risk is not great, as Mr. Stebbing's book proves, but still there is some risk. But we think that his shooting of stags merely to secure a "record head" is an unamiable trait in his character. Still, of course, Indian officials must find something to do besides governing the country, and Mr. Stebbing's courage is an admirable quality.

A TOUR IN MONGOLIA. By Mrs. Beatrix Bulstrode. (Methuen. 16s. net.)—On the whole our author was a little too much of a tourist; but she took better photographs than the ordinary one, and she had infinitely more courage than most. Mongolia, however, hardly takes definite shape or colour in her narrative. She was not there long enough.

One week trying to enter from the Pekin side, through Kalgan, and five weeks at Urga through Transbaikalia, makes only a tour, seeing that Mrs. Bulstrode could speak no Mongolian and but a modicum of Chinese. Nevertheless our blood is duly curdled by the account of the prison at Urga, where the captives are shut up in boxes with a hole hardly big enough to put their heads through. One hundred and fifty of these boxes are kept in a dark and festering dungeon till the unfortunates die. But the best part of the book has nothing to do with Mongolia; it is a short but very well-written account of an episode on a solitary visit to the Ming tombs, when the author was shut in one of the temple-tombs by a surly guardian.

The introduction by Mr. David Fraser, *The Times* correspondent at Pekin, which deals with recent political history in Mongolia before and since the Japanese intervention, is very valuable, for it gives a clear account of events of which the average Western politician knows nothing. Mrs. Bulstrode's journey was made in 1913.

BERGSON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. By J. Alexander Gunn. (Methuen. 6s. net.)—Mr. Gunn has not, naturally enough, been completely successful. He has endeavoured to make the reader acquainted with practically the whole of M. Bergson's philosophical speculations; his success has been moderate. For M. Bergson's fundamental ideas are, in truth, exceedingly obscure, and an exposition of them must proceed in one of two ways: either by way of the hair-splitting rigour of St. Thomas Aquinas, or by way of M. Bergson's own method, i.e., such a wealth of simile and emotional suggestion as to make the elusive fundamental thought emerge as some kind of "overtone." The second method is much more readable; it has the disadvantage, however, that one cannot say precisely what it is that one has understood, being, in this respect, very like the method of poetry. We hasten to add that it need not be the less convincing on that account; indeed, we all feel that a purely intellectualist formulation of Bergson's philosophy would be inconsistent with that philosophy itself. Mr. Gunn has adopted neither method; he gives us no pedantic and misplaced analysis; on the other hand, he has not the expository charm of the master. But those with a mild curiosity as to the nature of Bergson's speculations will find this book sufficient. There is an excellent bibliography.

TALES OF THE RIDINGS. By the late F. W. Moorman. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)—A memoir of the best kind, plain and free from rant and full of understanding, precedes these posthumous tales. F. W. Moorman had established himself, both as a great teacher and personality in the North, and as a literary figure of distinction, before his death by drowning in 1919. In his knowledge of the Ridings not only was he remarkable, but he also was never weary of advancing; beginning with the main idea of studying the dialect, he found himself becoming more and more interested in the dalesmen who spoke it. In him, therefore, as an interpreter of their life, remembering always that he was naturally, by training and by profession, a master of our language and literature, we have the most promising elements. The promise is very largely fulfilled. Moorman's characters are true, their dialect natural. He needs no bizarre circumstances to portray the dignity of his folk, and gives us tragedy without jack-knives or quart-pots. He knows, and gives us to know, what an intense if underlying influence the Bible has on men and women of the old country make. The Tales before us are most moving, and that entitled "A Laocoon of the Rocks," the last episode in the life of an old moorland shepherd whose work is ended by the enclosures, though marred by a suspicion of padding in the descriptive passages, adds a quality of large imagination to the general sense of complete sympathy.

MARGINALIA

IS it possible for a man to say, like the little boy in Lewis Carroll's poem,

I want to be a poet, I want to write in rhyme,
and, by wanting hard enough, to succeed, not merely in writing in rhyme, but also in being a poet? Can one become an artist by sheer force of will? If the universe were in the least moral, it certainly would be possible. For, morally, "la volonté peut et doit être un sujet d'orgueil bien plus que le talent." It is profoundly shocking that a man, casually endowed with talent and wholly lacking in self-discipline, should be able to do far greater things than one who has will and faith and patience and industry, but has not had the luck to be endowed with natural aptitude. There is almost nothing that concentrated will cannot accomplish; if we are to believe certain spiritualists it is possible to move furniture by will-power and to float in the air by simply desiring it. But nobody has yet succeeded in becoming a great artist by dint of will alone. The burning desire and faith of Benjamin Robert Haydon were of no avail against the inexorable fact of his second-rateness. And if will were enough, Ben Jonson would be as great as Shakespeare. But there is no more extraordinary instance of a man trying to will his way to literary greatness than that of Alfieri, who came very near to making himself into a tragic poet.

The life of Victor Alfieri by himself is one of the great autobiographies of the world. It is a sharp, firmly drawn picture of a very interesting and very eccentric character. In his delineation of himself Alfieri displays all the cool precision of the eighteenth-century psychologists. He studies himself in his strength and his weaknesses, subjects all his actions to the analysis of reason and explains them, generalizes them into sage reflections on the relationship between the instincts and passions and the higher faculties.

Alfieri was born in 1746 at Asti in Piedmont, then a part of the kingdom of Sardinia. His parents were noble and rich, but like many others of their class, both before and since that time, were of the opinion that gentlemen have no need to be pedants, and that wealth and nobility are qualities sufficiently brilliant in themselves to be able to dispense with the added graces of education. They were, however, persuaded into sending young Victor to the principal educational establishment in Piedmont, the Academy at Turin. In this institution Alfieri passed eight years and emerged into the world at the age of eighteen in a state of almost pre-lapsarian ignorance. He was incapable of speaking or writing correctly any language, whether ancient or modern. Latin, of course, he had studied continuously during those eight years; but then we have all studied Latin for eight years, and we know what that means. As for a native language, he did not possess one. A barbarous un-Tuscan Italian, streaked with French, was his vehicle of expression. Of real Italian and pure French he was ignorant. The Royal Academy of Turin had let loose upon the world a very formidable young barbarian—a savage with fierce yearnings towards some unknown civilization, a minor poet whose legitimate channel of expression was dammed up and who could only give vent to his emotions by violent and restless action. And vent them he did.

Throughout the sixties and seventies of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of every country in Europe were astonished by the spectacle of a ferocious young Italian with long red hair posting along through their midst as though the devil were after him. The faster he could go, the more he was delighted. In England he spent eight

hours a day in the saddle or on the box of a chaise with the finest trotters of the country between the shafts. In Sweden he delighted in sledging, not only for speed, but also because the intense cold of the Northern winter exhilarated him like a strange wine; for he loved extremes and could not abide anything middling. Proud as a fiend and dumb as a beast, he associated with his fellow-creatures as rarely as he could, preferring, whenever he was absolutely forced to halt for a while, to sit bearishly alone, plunged in a melancholy stupor. At heart he was ashamed of the black ignorance that made him fear to associate with his equals; but the shame generally took the form of hatred and contempt for those who possessed the acquirements which he lacked. When he emerged from his solitude it was generally to associate with women, towards whom he was drawn with such a violence of desire that in later years, when he wanted to devote himself to study, he had to order his servant to tie him to his chair for fear he should break loose in pursuit of unworthy loves.

Time passed, and gradually this insensate restlessness abated. Alfieri began to see a little more clearly what he wanted to make of his life; he wanted at any cost and in any way to be a great man. Plutarch's Lives, which he took to reading when he was nearly twenty-five, intoxicated him. "Reading of the fine actions of these great men, I would start up with tears of rage and grief streaming from my eyes at the mere thought that I had been born in Piedmont, under such a Government and a time when nothing great could be done or said, and when, at the most, a man might only barrenly think or feel great things." Heroic action in the Italy of 1770 was unthinkable. There was nothing for it but to be heroic in literature. Alfieri decided to be a tragic poet. It was necessary, first of all, to have a language in which to write; Alfieri settled in Florence and applied himself to the task of learning Tuscan. It was necessary to have a certain culture; he hired masters to teach him the Latin he was supposed to have learned at the Turin Academy. It was finally necessary to study the Grand Passion in its more heroic aspects at first hand, and it was at this moment, almost providentially, that the Countess of Albany made her appearance on Alfieri's horizon. At the time when they met her husband, the Young Pretender, was an old and disgusting man, who had little or nothing to do but to drink and maltreat his wife. Alfieri came as a liberator and a consoler. The story of their loves is well known.

Meanwhile, Alfieri was writing tragedies with extraordinary industry and perseverance. He had found a language and mastered the art of versification. Fourteen dramas, written and rewritten, hammered, filed and polished again and again, testified to his determination to be a great man. Once started upon the poetical road, he did not turn back; the old barbarian was dead. But not quite dead, for once, in the midst of his studies, he was seized by an irresistible longing to go back for a moment to the old life. So urgent was the desire that he was forced to rush incontinently to England, where he purchased fourteen magnificent horses—one for each of his tragedies—which he proceeded, with infinite pains and expense, to lead back with him to Italy. Horses, women and the Muse of tragedy—these were his three great passions, and the passion for horses was probably the strongest. But the passion for the Muse was a rational, a voluntary passion, and Alfieri had the strength to make it triumph.

I want to be a poet, I want to write in rhyme.
But, alas! who reads these fourteen tragedies now? I have tried, but, it must be confessed, without marked success.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

EVEN in reviewing, the personal equation must count for something; and while we prefer "The Lapse of the Bishop" (Ward & Lock, 7s. net) to any previous work by "Guy Thorne" with which we are acquainted, we do not guarantee that this will be the verdict of his public in general. Neither do we wish to imply that we observe any improvement in respect of greater probability. A celibate bishop who marries during temporary loss of memory, and forgets the occurrence on recovering, is in our opinion only one degree less convincing than an old-world French marquis who smiles on an unchaperoned courtship, and a French peasant who bequeaths her hard-earned savings to an English girl whom she scarcely knows. But the author introduces us to an unwontedly pleasant atmosphere, and, on the whole, to a nice set of people. We are agreeably surprised, too, by his tolerant attitude on the point of clerical marriage; for the bishop, on regaining full consciousness, settles down contentedly in the rôle of model husband.

It has always been our opinion that Mr. Edgar Jepson's best period was that of "No. 19" and "The Mystery of the Myrtles," and we regret that he should have bartered his heritage of fantasy touched with horror for machine-made private detectives and angel children who blossom into popular ballerinas. These last are the themes of "Pollyooly Dances" (Odhams, 7s. 6d. net), which is, we suppose, notwithstanding, a good enough story in its own line. Some sufficiently exciting adventures are provided by a Foreign Office document and German spies, and Pollyooly, a young person not otherwise much to our taste, shows laudable promptitude and resourcefulness in her handling of both. The author has been well-advised in removing the perennial Mr. Ruffin's elder brother. It is obviously an advantage that your hero should be styled Lord Ruffin rather than the Honourable John.

In "Queen's Knight," by Chester Keith (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), we have an interesting experiment—no less, in fact, than an attempt to restate the "Morte Darthur" in terms of modern fiction. If we grant the author's initial assumption that men and women in (say) the sixth century A.D. must have looked at life very much from our own standpoint, we shall have no difficulty in enjoying her eminently readable treatment of a theme which never seems to pall. She has not apparently aimed at transforming Guenever into a "sympathetic" heroine, and is obviously inclined to favour Lancelot rather than the king, who makes a less romantic figure than in Tennyson.

In Mr. Fred M. White's detective novel, "The Leopard's Spots" (Ward & Lock, 7s. net), there is, perhaps, strictly speaking, no original feature. Yet it has the quality, all important for its class, of unexpectedness, and is besides smoothly and agreeably written. The human "Leopard" of the title is a really engaging and strongly marked personality. The other characters approximate more or less to types familiar in this order of literature, and the inevitable love-interest has a very modest place. The story opens with much spirit, but drags a little towards its conclusion.

When a novel in which the principal characters are unhappily married bears for title a quotation from a well-known bridal hymn, we are inclined to suspect its author of a cynical intention. Yet Lady Troubridge is animated by a spirit not of cynicism but of sympathy, and closes her interesting and well-written story on the note of reconciliation. The theme—a lively young woman's impatience when her husband becomes a semi-invalid—was treated many years ago in "Colonel Enderby's Wife." But there is this difference, that the heroine of "O Perfect Love" (Methuen, 8s. 6d. net), though momentarily swept off her feet, is not at heart a bad woman.

"The Straight Furrow," by C. Rutherford (Melrose, 7s. net), is a slight but pleasant story, purporting to deal with post-war "County" life. A girl of good family, but socially handicapped by her elder brother's eccentricities, wavers between two lovers, both recent importations from London: a new-rich business man and a Socialistic littérateur. The latter gentleman, seems at first likely to succeed, but he proves to be encumbered with a wife, and this circumstance, combined with his rival's sterling qualities, decides the young lady against him. The dialogue is fluent and natural, and the characters, in a measure, lifelike.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

LEIGH HUNT's *Indicator* of August 2 and 9, 1820, deals sympathetically and appreciatively with "The Pot of Basil," and the rest of the contents of Keats's immortal volume of poems. Of "The Pot of Basil" the writer remarks, "Our author can pass to the most striking imaginations from the most delicate and airy fancy," and, after quoting four exquisite stanzas from "The Eve of St. Agnes," he asks "Is not this perfectly beautiful?" In the "Ode to a Nightingale," declares the critic, there is

that mixture . . . of real melancholy and imaginative relief, which poetry alone presents us in her "charmed cup," and which some over-rational critics have undertaken to find wrong because it is not true. It does not follow that what is not true to them, is not true to others. If the relief is real, the mixture is good and sufficing . . . The poem will be the more striking to the reader, when he understands what we take a friend's liberty in telling him, that the author's powerful mind has for some time past been inhabiting a sickened and shaken body, and that in the meanwhile it has had to contend with feelings that make a fine nature ache for its species, even when it would disdain to do so for itself;—we mean, critical malignity,—that unhappy envy, which would wreak its own tortures upon others, especially upon those that really feel for it already . . . Mr. Keats's versification sometimes reminds us of Milton in his blank verse, and sometimes of Chapman both in his blank verse and rhyme; but his faculties, essentially speaking, though partaking of the unearthly aspirations and abstract yearnings of both these poets, are altogether his own . . .

This is a suitable place for some extracts which are of interest in association with the treatment of Keats by the *Quarterly Review*. The passages are taken from a protest by Reynolds contained in his review of "Endymion" which appeared in the *Alfred* (an Exeter newspaper) of October 6, 1818. Like the paper we recently quoted from the *Examiner* of June 14, 1818 (which, as Mr. Howe has kindly reminded us, was written by William Hazlitt), the *Alfred* review is somewhat out of the time-bounds we set ourselves; but it is so good that it deserves to be included, and perhaps to have a little extra space. The writer had evidently read the *Examiner* article:

We have met with a singular instance, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, of that unfeeling arrogance, and cold ignorance, which so strangely marked the minds and hearts of Government sycophants and Government writers. The Poem of a young man of genius, which evinces more natural power than any other work of this day, is abused and cried down, in terms which would disgrace any other pens than those used in the defence of an *Oliver* or a *Castles*. We have read the Poetic Romance of *Endymion* (the book in question) with no little delight; and could hardly believe that it was written by so young a man as the preface infers. Mr. Keats, the author of it, is a genius of the highest order; and no one but a Lottery Commissioner and Government Pensioner, (both of which Mr. William Gifford, the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is) could, with a false and remorseless pen, have striven to frustrate hopes and aims, so youthful and so high as this young Poet nurses . . . Reviewers are creatures that "stab men in the dark"—young and enthusiastic spirits are their dearest prey . . . The cause of the unmerciful condemnation which has been passed on Mr. Keats, is pretty apparent to all who have watched the intrigues of literature, and the wily and unsparing contrivances of political parties. This young and powerful writer was noticed, some little time back, in the *Examiner*; and pointed out by its Editor, as one who was likely to revive the early vigour of English poetry. Such a prediction was a fine, but dangerous compliment, to Mr. Keats: it exposed him instantly to the malice of the *Quarterly Review* . . . The genius of Mr. Keats is peculiarly classical; and with the exception of a few faults, which are the natural followers of youth, his imaginations and his language have a spirit and an intensity which we should in vain look for in half the popular poets of the day. Lord Byron is a splendid and noble egotist.—He visits classical shores . . . but no spot is conveyed to our minds, that is not peopled by the gloomy and ghastly feelings of one proud and solitary man . . . Mr. Keats has none of this egotism . . . There is not one poet of the present day, that enjoys any popularity that will live [!] . . . Wordsworth might have safely cleared the rapids in the stream of time, but he lost himself by looking at his own image in the waters. Coleridge stands bewildered in the cross-road of fame;—his genius will commit suicide, and be buried in it. Southey is Poet Laureate, "so there is no need to be taken of him." Campbell has relied on two stools, "The Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," but he will come to the ground, after the fashion of the old proverb . . . does Mr. Rogers think that pumps and silk stockings (which his genius wears) will last him the whole way? . . . We have the highest hopes of this young Poet.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE publication of Mr. A. E. Newton's "Amenities of Book-Collecting" (Lane, 20s. net) is certainly a noteworthy event in its way. Mr. Newton is evidently one of the most alert and discriminating of American collectors, and has amassed a surprising number of unique literary relics, some of which are described and some reproduced in his book. Here, for example, is an autograph letter from Thomas Hardy to his first publisher; a page from the manuscript of "Far from the Madding Crowd"; there, a facsimile of Keats's worst poem; a photograph of Charles Lamb's playbill of "Antonio," Godwin's tragedy, with Lamb's note "Damned with Universal Consent." (Surely the glory is departed; what play is damned nowadays?) These are random instances of the ninety odd illustrations which immediately attract attention to the book.

But Mr. Newton is afflicted with a habit of self-contradiction which may harass the reader. He will have it that he is a poor business man, "one of us"—he speaks of "my usual task—that of making a living," "I have a living to make, and I am not quick in making it." And yet, "I paid three hundred and sixty dollars for ["Endymion"]," "The price was only £46," "I thought, when I gave four hundred dollars for [Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," with an inscription], that I was paying a fabulous price." Such is poverty, in America. In the same style of incongruity, Mr. Newton approves and applauds nightmare prices. Of an autographed Shelley volume he says: "A dealer sold it at \$7,500; and cheap at that, I say, for where will you find another?" and "there is no limit to the prices [books] will bring as time goes on." With this attitude compare another: "The rich and ignorant buyer . . . should leave our books alone." The rich buyer will obviously be the only bidder "as time goes on." Mr. Newton would also have "a law for the protection of old books"; but he would have the making of it too, for to him public libraries, in our opinion the only home for "old books," are "great mausoleums." And he is a lover of Elia! Did Elia, gathering his "Specimens" in the British Museum, wish that he had to hunt through sale catalogues by the hundred to see where the required books were, to ask permissions over a kingdom or two, to face the expense, anxiety, disappointment of such an undertaking? Yet that is what multiplying private collections, worse mausoleums in many cases than any public library, impose upon editors to-day. If all collectors were as ready to announce their possessions and share their literary discoveries with common men as is Mr. Newton, there would be less reason to complain.

Messrs. Sotheby at their sale on October 21 and 22 offer a number of manuscripts and printed books of considerable archaeological interest. On the first day a large number of books and deeds from Fountains Abbey, the property of Sir W. H. Ripley of Harrogate, come up. There are 32 deeds (mostly with their seals) of the 12th and 13th centuries one or two of them showing the post-Reformation dealings with the Ripley lands of the Abbey; two 14th-century collections of sermons, one in the original oak boards; the register of St. Wilfrid of Ripon; a 14th-century collection of tracts, including a "Computus Manualis"; and another including Simon of Oxford on Charters. The printed books include a large number of Elizabethan classics and contemporary French books of importance: "Amadis de Gaule," Commynes, "Croniques d'Anjou" (1529); Burgh's Cato printed by Caxton (23 Dec., 1483), not recorded; Froissart, French 1505, English 1523; Stow (1565); "Les Quatre Filz Aymon" (1502); Rabelais (1564); Shakespeare, Second Folio (two copies); Skelton (1568); and some Year-Books.

The second day's sale begins with a fine collection of Norman charters made by Thomas Stapleton, and now the property of his descendant Lady Beaumont. They have all been printed, we believe. One of them contains the autograph crosses of William I., his wife, and the Archbishop of Rouen, another that of Henry I. (Beauclerc). The scarcity of seals is noteworthy; there is a trace of a seal used in 1172 and another in 1210, others in 1214, 1225, and 1236. A fine 15th-century English Horæ with 24 full-page miniatures, a Flemish Horæ, a volume of late 17th-century plays, a Spanish 15th-century Antiphonary, and a collection of 18th-century French books are also included.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, October 2, 1920.

AT a time when Irish industry, as represented by factories and creameries, is being given to the flames by the British agents of law and order in this country, it is scarcely to be expected that Irish art, as represented by the drama and literature, should escape the attention of the *Raj*. Nor is it surprising that in the latter case, as in the former, reprisal should miss its mark and spoil the innocent with unswerving aim. One is moved to this reflection by the news from London that the censor of plays has smelt out treason in Lennox Robinson's joyous comedy, "The White-Headed Boy." Apparently, it has passed his suspicious eye, with the exception of one speech, where the hero's declaration that he wishes to be "free" is met with the answer: "That's just what poor old Ireland is wanting, and we are like England, giving it everything else but what it wants." That passage the censor has excised, lest it should corrupt the political faith of a London audience—or is it lest it should offend their ears? In Ireland, where we have no dramatic censorship, the Abbey plays have so far been immune from interference, though there are many passages, and indeed whole plays, far more "seditious" than the banned sentence in "The White-Headed Boy." The "gods" at the Abbey—if one may call them so, for here they sit in the pit—have developed an amazing habit of receiving any topical allusion, or even anything which can be taken as a topical allusion, pleasing to their politics with an enthusiasm which leaves one in no doubt of their sentiments, despite the plea of the management for no applause during the action. But, on the other hand, they take allusions offensive to their politics with a patient silence, and not with vocal hostility. Mr. Stephen Morgan's much-discussed play, "The Serf," by the way, was not produced this week, owing to the illness of Miss Christine Hayden.

In letters the victim is Mr. Louis J. Walsh, now "on his keeping" with a warrant out for his arrest on a charge of possessing seditious literature. The seditious literature in question consists of copies of the *New Witness* and *Everyman*, published works of Darrell Figgis and James Connolly, and Mr. Walsh's own novel "The Next Time." If the latter be the offence alleged, Mr. Walsh, in a letter to the Dublin press, declares that he will endure his fate with equanimity if all others who have flung at an unoffending public a badly-written novel are sent to share his penal servitude.

The Irish musical season has begun with the first of the Quinlan concerts in Dublin last Monday. Mr. Quinlan as an impresario adheres to the simple and direct method of offering the public the performances of an "all-star cast," with a programme of music of such variety that every member of the audience, from the sophisticated to the reverse, may find in it some source of pleasure. It is the sure road to quick box-office returns. But from the point of view of raising the standard of public taste and of developing the native talent of Ireland, there is more interest in the enterprise of the Irish Musical League, which is carrying on and extending the work begun by Lennox Robinson in the series of Sunday evening concerts in the Abbey Theatre last winter. I do not know, by the way, whether there is anything shocking to the English mind still in the idea of devoting Sunday evenings to the rendering of profane music. As to that, Ireland is a Catholic country—though, indeed, there runs through Irish Catholicism a Puritan strain, one effect of which has been to make the Irish Sunday closer akin to the Scottish than the Continental.

The Irish Musical League has arranged a series of eight concerts at the Abbey. They will include string orchestra, chamber music, and choral singing. If this first effort of the League is successful, and its membership increases, and it gains sufficient encouragement, the League hopes that the coming winter will see an Irish symphony orchestra established. It is recognized that without a national orchestra Ireland cannot develop itself musically, or encourage the growth of a school of Irish composers which will lift Irish music beyond the restricted scope of folk-melody. The idea of giving illustrated musical lectures on different schools of music and composers, which in England and on the Continent are beginning to appeal to an ever-widening circle of the public, has as yet taken no root in public. Last winter's Abbey concerts were the most hopeful sign of a *risorgimento* of music in Dublin.

W. B. W.

LITERARY GOSSIP

The second series of Mr. Frank Harris's "Contemporary Portraits" (published by the author, 57, Fifth Avenue, New York) has just reached me, and, to my delight, I find in it "Shaw's Portrait by Shaw; or, How Frank Ought to Have Done It." In passing, I should say that Mr. Harris has done it, on his own method, very well indeed. But the point of importance for the moment is that Mr. Shaw gives us the fullest account I have seen of his new volume of plays and prefaces.

"He is at present engaged in a tetralogy in which, starting from the Garden of Eden and ending thousands of years hence, he shows mankind shortening its life from a thousand years to three score years and ten, and again lengthening it from three score and ten to three hundred: a prolongation which, as a Creative Evolutionist, he holds to be quite possible to the human will. But he makes no secret of his belief that Man will be scrapped as a failure, and that the Life Force will replace him by some new and higher creation, just as man himself was created to supply the deficiencies of the lower animals."

And since gossip is privileged in respect of personalities, here is what Mr. Shaw says about a famous superstition: "He never wore a flannel shirt in his life. He does not wear a shirt at all, because it is wrong to swaddle one's middle with a double thickness of material. The flannel fable arose because, at a time when it was socially impossible for a professional man to appear in public in London without a white starched collar, he maintained that no educated eye could endure the colour contrast of ironed starch against European flesh tones, and that only a very black and brilliant negro should wear such a collar. He therefore obtained and wore gray collars."

This essay, the style of which is, by the way, singularly unlike Mr. Frank Harris's, is a storehouse of personalia. There is the story of the down-at-heel phrenologist at the vegetarian restaurant whom the youthful Mr. Shaw asked whether he had a bump of reverence. He replied: "Bump! . . . It's a hole." There is the confession that "he likes machines as a child likes toys, and once very nearly bought a cash register without having the slightest use for it." I should have liked Mr. Shaw better if he *had* bought it.

I will end with a purely literary anecdote. Finding that Rodin had no books in his collection except the commonest kind of commercial presentation volumes, he presented him with a Kelmscott Chaucer, and wrote in it:

I have seen two masters at work: Morris who made this book,
The other Rodin the Great, who fashioned my head in clay:
I give the book to Rodin, scrawling my name in a nook
Of the shrine their works shall hallow when mine are dust by the way.

The October *Cornhill* is full of interest. An account of James Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," by the late A. Montgomerie Bell, lays stress on his patriotism and illuminates his poetic method. It is curious that only a passing mention is made of "The Castle of Indolence"; for there if anywhere does Thomson achieve magic. But it is timely to call attention to the poet, neglected enough by reason of the length of his poems, but richer in pictorial quality than anyone else between William Browne and William Collins.

In the same number Mr. John Murray calls us far away from Thomson's good wine and verse to the arid waste of costs of production in 1920. He is despondent about the first novel. Here is the contrast between 1914 and 1920 in his own words: "In 1914 the cost

of printing and binding 1,000 copies of a novel—say 350 pp. in length—was about £66, and to this had to be added the cost of corrections in proofs, and of advertising. This last item could not be less than £25 or £30."

"The price of the novel was 6s. non-net, in other words the public could buy it at 4s. 6d., and if the whole edition were sold—allowing for press copies, discounts to booksellers, etc.—the gross return was about £153, yielding a total profit of, say, £62. If this were equally divided the author and publisher each received £31, and out of the publisher's share had to be paid his 'establishment expenses,' which never enter into an author's account, but averaged about £30. So the author received £31 of clear profit and the publisher £1. If the novel gave promise of success, a second and larger edition could be printed from type already standing; and if the demand continued, subsequent profits became proportionately much larger."

"Now let us compare the existing conditions: the cost of production has risen from £66 to £218, the price to the public has risen from 6s. nominal and 4s. 6d. actual to 7s. net. If the whole 1,000 are sold as before, the result is a gross return of £214 in place of £153; in other words there is a loss of £4, without making any allowance for advertising or for publisher's 'establishment expenses,' which are at least double what they were in 1914."

I think Mr. Murray overstates his case in one or two particulars. Even in 1914 the ordinary publisher was not quite so philanthropic as to be content with £1 profit on 1,000 copies of a first novel. The general payment to a new novelist was a royalty of 10 per cent. on the first thousand. Possibly Mr. Murray himself paid 15 per cent.; if so, his authors were peculiarly fortunate. The author's 10 per cent. royalty on a thousand copies at 4s. 6d. was £22 10s., hardly more than £20 when press copies had been deducted from his account. So that the publisher's profit, even if we reckon his overhead charges at the high figure of £30, was £12 instead of £1.

Another point of some importance is that the price of novels for the coming season is nearer 8s. 6d. than 7s.; and even 9s. is far from an uncommon figure. I admit that it remains to be seen whether the public will buy them at the price. But one must assume they will. The gross return on 1,000 copies sold at 9s. is roughly £300; at 8s. 6d., £275. If the cost of production and advertising is £218, there remains to be shared between author and publisher £82 or £57. In the first case the author takes £45, in the second £42 10s., leaving the publisher £37 or £14 10s. In the second case undoubtedly overhead charges swallow all the profit; in the first, there is probably a narrow margin for the publisher.

It is, I willingly admit, a precarious situation for the publisher even at the 9s. level. But Mr. Murray's figures as set out in the *Cornhill* are bound to be met with a certain scepticism upon the part of the author. Frankly, the average author does not believe that the publisher only received £1 profit on the sale of 1,000 copies of a 4s. 6d. novel in 1914. And I think that before we reach Mr. Murray's desideratum of an *entente cordiale* between author and publisher, a yet clearer statement of the actual position must be made.

Mr. James Milne, formerly literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle* and editor of the *Book Monthly*, will contribute a column on forthcoming books to the *Daily News* every Wednesday, under the heading "News of Books."

Science

MYSTERIES AND SPECULATIONS

THE SYSTEM OF ANIMATE NATURE. By J. Arthur Thomson.
2 vols. (Williams & Norgate. 30s. net.)

IT does not sound a very promising beginning to say that there is very little that we understand. It is a trite opening, and it is an opening that we have learned to view with suspicion. Enunciated with a certain kind of flat rotundity, it serves to introduce a sermon justifying the ways of God to man, or to create the right frame of mind for making credible the marvels of spiritualism. It puts us on our guard; its usual purpose is to lull our critical faculties; it is a formula like: Open your mouth and shut your eyes—and our trustfulness has been too often abused. Nevertheless, we can think of no more appropriate motto for Professor Thomson's Gifford Lectures than this trite saying.

The chief effect of his two volumes, although we doubt whether he intended it to be his chief effect, is to convince us that in science, and in biological science in particular, we can account for very little. And we are not completely certain that, having reduced us to this very proper and desirable degree of humility, Professor Thomson has not—just a little—improved the occasion in just the way that our bolder, more strident, everyday selves would find objectionable. The probability of the explanation of anything depends on what we know of that thing; if we know very little about it, there may be several equally reasonable explanations. What we are prone to forget is that none of the explanations need be taken very seriously. The inscrutable acts of a politician may be the result of sheer idiocy or of a wisdom surpassing our understanding; until the acts become a little less inscrutable, different people, with equal justification, will maintain either view. And when we come to the nature of life and the behaviour of living beings, we come to a region so abundant in hypotheses that we can only suspect a corresponding paucity of facts. That there should be hypotheses is inevitable. The phenomena are altogether too fascinating for us to be content with the purely rational avowal of ignorance. The "instincts" of ants and bees, the fact that the reader, with his intelligence, his sense of humour and his dislike for Chopin, developed from alpin's-head of substance, are marvels of such an order that, in mere self-defence, we have to accommodate them somehow.

The way we accommodate them, if we may judge from the theories summarized by Professor Thomson, seems to depend on individual fancy. There are some robust stern men who say it is all done by little particles of matter moving about, not just anyhow, but in obedience to such principles as the conservation of energy. There are others (and Professor Thomson is one of them) who argue that the mechanistic theory leaves the phenomena just as mysterious as they were before; that even if all the physical and chemical changes of an organism are explicable by physics and chemistry, yet the sum of these changes is not the life of an organism. In Biology, Professor Thomson remarks gravely, it is a mistake to leave Life out. To justify his rejection of the mechanistic theory he resorts to the usual effective method. He tells us again some of those wonderful, enthralling stories about the "homing instincts" of birds, the migrations of eels, and so on; and as we read on, the idea that these wonders could be accounted for in something like the way in which the emergence of hydrogen from a mixture of sulphuric acid and zinc is accounted for, becomes more and more preposterous. The "vitalists," rather vaguely, suggest other explanations; they range from a "new force" unknown to physics and chemistry to an Entelechy which seems to have all the properties of a supreme directing intelligence.

Professor Thomson's own choice is for a "biological" explanation—an explanation, that is, in terms of "organic retention," "organic inertia" and so on. The point of his argument is, of course, that these "biological" terms are ultimately irreducible, otherwise he would be simply giving up the problem. The whole conflict is really about the question, Where must we stop? We have to use irreducible "categories" at some point; the mechanists think that the biological terms are reducible to their categories, and their opponents deny this. As we have not yet the mechanistic equation to a chicken, and as it is not yet proved that such an equation can never be produced, we see that conviction on either side presupposes an act of faith.

But, in assuming his irreducible biological categories, Professor Thomson does not give up the principle of continuity. We see this clearly when we come to his chapter on Body and Mind. He is willing to assign a mind of some kind to an amoeba, and he does not stop there. Non-mechanist though he is, he does not see a sudden gap in Nature when we pass from the organic to the inorganic. Since there is continuity, it follows that the categories used to describe the organic world must be applicable to the inorganic—in fact, there is no ultimate distinction between them. The categories of the physicist are not adequate to describe the subject-matter of the biologist, but neither are they adequate to describe the physicist's own subject-matter. In considering a piece of iron he may neglect as unimportant characteristics which become predominant in the amoeba; for his purposes, his description of the piece of iron may be exhaustive; it is not, nevertheless, an exhaustive description. It is difficult to see any real distinction between this theory and thoroughgoing "mechanism." If the mechanist really imagines mental phenomena, for instance, to be the outcome of "matter and energy," then he must ascribe some remarkable properties to these entities. In either case continuity is assumed; the one works back from mind to molecules, and the other from molecules to mind; all monistic philosophies must be ultimately talking about the same thing.

Having arrived at this point, we need not halt. We have entered the realm of philosophical speculation, and from our present eminence we can glimpse other promising ascents. The evolutionary process, culminating so far in man, is surely purposive. It is difficult to believe that a process which has resulted in us was not intended to do so. It does not follow that man is the last stage of the purposeful advance of nature. We cannot say what transcendental purpose may be served by nature as a whole, but a conviction that there is such a purpose will swiftly lead us to a religious interpretation of the facts of science. But directly we envisage things from this point of view, there emerges, of course, the old problem of evil. Professor Thomson devotes a lecture to this, which may be not unfairly summed up as a contention that things are not so bad as they are generally supposed. That there is a residuum of inexplicable evil he admits, but he insists that it should not be allowed to "blot out the sun." As correcting the "red in tooth and claw" conception of the animate world, Professor Thomson's remarks are valuable, but, as a contribution to the ethical and religious problem, they are unimportant. In what seems to have been the chief purpose of his lectures, to make possible a religious interpretation of the scientific knowledge of nature, we think Professor Thomson has achieved but a qualified success. His extensive and readable survey of the facts and problems of biology has chiefly impressed us as indicating the immense wealth and variety of the phenomena of organic nature, and the present inadequacy of our attempts to build up a scientific description of their relations.

S.

FIELD BOTANY

THE OUTDOOR BOTANIST. By A. R. Horwood. (Fisher Unwin. 18s. net.)

MR. HORWOOD in this volume deals with a number of ways in which the outdoor botanist may profitably occupy his time. He suggests that besides the usual methods of collecting, pressing and naming specimens—methods fully described by him—the field-worker should regard plants as living organisms, and study their relationship with one another and with the other factors of their environment. A considerable portion of the book is taken up, therefore, with a description of the subsistence, Plant Ecology; and Mr. Horwood treats especially of plants from the communal aspects and deals with the special methods of botanical survey used in such studies. We think a larger amount of space should have been given to the treatment of the ecology of individual plants (autecology); as this study not only has a wide appeal, but much useful work can be done, along these lines, by workers who are without the very special knowledge necessary for the proper carrying out of synecological methods. The numerous photographs which accompany the work, and which are excellently reproduced, are also chosen from the point of view mentioned above. Chapters are added on the way in which plants influence the character of the scenery and on the effect of the weather on their life-history. The former chapter seems too discursive, and too much space is given in it to a consideration of the effects of physical factors on scenery; while the chapter on phenology contains a number of apparently uncorrelated lists of observations. This method of presentation does not lead to a clear comprehension of the essential factors at work.

The lists of literature, given at the ends of the chapters, are not provided with the names of publishers nor with the dates of publication; and when original papers are quoted, we are either not told the names of the journals in which they appeared or the information given is of so slight a nature as to be practically useless. Sufficient care does not seem to have been taken to render the explanations in the glossary reliable, and too many technical terms have been used.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 8. Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Bones and Muscles of the Trunk," Lecture I., Professor A. Thomson.
University College, 5.—"Venetian Painting to the Time of Titian," Lecture I., Dr. Tancred Borenius.
- Mon. 11. University College, 5.—"The Philosophy and Psychology of Wundt," Professor G. Dawes Hicks.
University College, 5.—"Einstein's Theory of Relativity," Dr. G. B. Jeffery.
- Tues. 12. University College, 2.—"Geography and Anthropology," Professor G. Elliot Smith.
University College, 3.—"Character and Expression in Ancient Art," Professor E. A. Gardner.
University College, 6.—"Early Roman Legal Developments," Professor A. F. Murison.
- Wed. 13. Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Bones and Muscles of the Trunk," Lecture II., Professor A. Thomson.
School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, E.C., 5.—"The Peoples of the Nile Valley," Lecture II., Professor C. G. Seligman.
University College, 6.—"The Ægean Civilization: Crete," Mr. Norman H. Baynes.
Library Assistants' Association (Royal Society of Medicine, 1, Wimpole Street), 7.30.—Address by Mr. F. Pacy.
- Thurs. 13. School of Oriental Studies, 12 noon.—"Africa before 1500," Lecture II., Miss Alice Werner.
Royal Asiatic, 4.—"The Marsh Arabs of Lower Mesopotamia," Dr. P. Buxton.
University College, 5.30.—"England and France in the Fourteenth Century and Now," Professor T. F. Tout (Creighton Lecture).
London School of Economics, Clare Market, 6.—"Forms of Industrial Self-Government," Lecture I., Professor L. T. Hobhouse.

Fine Arts

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSES

SOME CENTENARY REFLECTIONS.—I.

"I went to the British Museum and did a rest-cure amongst the Parthenon figures."—St. John Lucas.

ABOUT one hundred years ago the Elgin Marbles, acquired by the nation in 1816, were first publicly shown. They have only recently again been made available after a sad interregnum. It is thus a fitting occasion for retrospect and for prospect. The foundation of the British Museum collections of antique sculpture was laid by the acquisition of the Townley Gallery in 1805; these sculptures had been gathered in Italy, they were nearly all of Roman origin, and, as we now judge, of inferior character. However, from the fact that they were in possession and had the seal of Payne Knight's approval, they have obtained a sort of vested interest, and they appear never to have been re-examined on their merits. It seems to have been taken for granted that they were on the establishment, and that their posts might not be abolished even with a pension.

When the sculptures of the Parthenon were first shown, many observers at once saw the difference between works of living Greek art and the products of Roman commercial connoisseurship. Haydon wrote:

The combination of nature and idea [admirable critical phrase!] was here displayed to midday conviction. My heart beat! . . . I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly on my mind, and I knew that they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumbers in the darkness. . . . I consider that it is the greatest blessing that ever happened to this country their being brought here

The excitement caused by this revelation of what art might be was certainly one great stimulus to the wonderful lyric outburst of Keats. At the same time a veterinary surgeon so lost his heart to the horses and the riders that he made a book—and a very good one too—on the processional frieze. "Goethe conceived the plan" (so Michaelis says) "for a society of German sculptors who were to make the British Museum their regular place of study. . . . It was touching to hear an old man of seventy call himself 'happy to have lived to see this.' Taste was completely revolutionized." For a time that is—then we turned over and slumbered again.

The discoveries of Fellows and Newton added fresh and remarkable possessions:

In the Lycian Room the British Museum acquired a department only overshadowed by the Elgin Marbles, and with the exception of the reliefs at Vienna quite unrivalled in the world. Unfortunately, these monuments were not exhibited in a manner corresponding to their importance; they were crowded, and objects which should have been together were separated. . . . In consequence of the energy of Fellows and Newton the British Museum has triumphantly retained its old position as the treasure-house of the most remarkable collection of Greek sculpture. Newton's activity becomes the more significant if compared with the quiet of the British Museum in his department since he left in 1888, and only of late has some activity again been shown. He exercised his office with the most magnanimous generosity to all, including foreigners—generosity which should be a model for all. (Michaelis.)

The "quiet" time is now well behind us, and the present keen and learned Keepers of the collections have lately made several remarkable new acquisitions and some excellent minor rearrangements. Until some fresh excavations are undertaken much new material of high quality cannot be obtained, and, indeed, the great period of acquisitions must be closed. Progress and the mere keeping alive of vital interest will in the future rather be dependent on rearrangement and publication than on additions. Rearrangement in a museum has, of course, special difficulties, but change is also good in itself, for old objects themselves seem fresh when seen in "a new light."

It would be desirable, I believe, in the near future to undertake a very complete rearrangement of the sculpture with the view of augmenting its beauty and cultural value and making a fresh appeal to modern men. The British Museum is in many—in nearly all—respects magnificent. The building itself is one of our few successes, well-planned and lighted, large-minded, and without too many whims of "architectural design." Even the great wasteful portico justifies itself here, and it would be a noble terrace to see London from if an avenue led away in front to the river and Waterloo Bridge. The Museum comprises a Library, a Research University, and vast Galleries of Collections; the only lack is some glamour in our minds which would make it as romantic as the Museum of Alexandria. To enter through the "swing doors" of Rossetti's verse should be a festival. It was said in antiquity that to go into the presence of the Zeus of Olympia was an experience: so it was with those who had the first sight of these our wonderful marbles.

One of the really big needs of the time is to make our recreations re-creative, and this is the true function of Museums of Art. As the French workman said to Stevenson, works of art "fire a spark." Two little true stories may suggest the relation of the British public to the great museum which bears its name. In a Holborn bus two women were heard to say: "Have you been to the British Museum?" "No, it's the sort of place you are taken to as a child or else you don't go at all." In a Great Russell Street teashop (no longer there) the remark was made to the waitress: "I suppose you get a good many from the Museum?" "Yes, some of the mummies often come." The institution is thought to be official, tiring, dull—the Museum is not amusing.

Even of "cultured" citizens it may be wondered at how few there are who love the habitation of the statues and know them familiarly. Lord Grey has recently told how sometimes, when sleepless, he sends his mind fishing; in a similar way some intimately known masterpiece at the National Gallery or the British Museum may be taken with us on a tiresome train journey or to bed! There is an ownership of knowledge as well as of cash payment, and it is quite easy to set up a special proprietorship in a Phidias or a Perugino by knowing it thoroughly. I wonder whether the National Gallery has not a far greater number of regular visitors and semi-students who in some effective way absorb the cultural stimulus of the pictures than the British Museum has of regular learners of what the Greek sculpture can teach. I think so, and I do feel that it is nearer to being a home of the Muses, civilizing in its whole appeal. One does there apprehend that the "Gallery" is in a sense a shrine, and a hush of attention seems to affect even the casual visitor. How far, I wonder again, is this the result of a wider appeal of pictorial art, or how far is it the unconscious recognition of a general beauty and order, the sense of being in a cosmos where the spirit of the whole necessarily affects all the parts? As a visitor to the National Gallery, as well as to the British Museum, I have lately been impressed by the weighty gain that may be made by careful hanging, grouping, symmetry, and, above all, by some obvious rule of order and a suggestion of the quest of perfection.

Of late years praiseworthy attempts have been made at the Museum to "brighten it up" by means of lectures which appear to be appreciated. This effort might be seconded by some simpler introductory literature than the quite excellent Guides now obtainable. The first-time visitor gets drowned at once in the detail of even the cheapest Guide. What seem to be needed are half a dozen penny tracts on as many notable subjects, which, in two or four pages, would point out the way to the great things first, and in a few confident words explain their greatness. If such tracts bore prints from some of the almost perfect series of postcards they would be treasured.

On the other hand, a more literary set of books is required—books which might be read, and many of the present publications of the Museum could easily be revised into such a form. For instance, there was the account of the Cyprus Expedition sent out by the Museum—a model of clearness, and excellently illustrated—which might have been made every bit as attractive as Schliemann's volumes; but it was not, and in consequence these quite romantic and most important British discoveries are practically unknown to many who can talk Schliemann and Dörpfeld. It would surely be wise at least to settle some Museum format, and not to make every book a new departure. It is curious, moreover, that in all the miles of books there is not one volume that I know of on the Greek Sculpture, Vases, Bronzes or Gems in the British Museum which can be said to be addressed to the general reader and may be taken out at Mudie's.

Then we shall not be able to get much further in the scientific study of our national treasures until there is a Museum journal, or at least a year-book, which will keep a record of all information regarding them. I want to know what is the recent thought at the British Museum itself about the things it holds, and this information is not on record. Our slowness makes us backward. During the last generation we sponged on German thinking: what are we going to do now? We cannot produce good Greek archaeology without "keeping up," and, as it is, the records of what is known are not posted regularly. It does not matter much—little does—but being "out of it" is not the archaeological game. To be frank, I am now afraid of America, and want to go and see the rearranged Metropolitan Museum at New York, of which I hear tantalizing accounts—it is actually interesting the people.

The great asset of our Museum is its beauty value, and efforts should be made to enhance that by relegating inferior works to inferior positions—perhaps the cellars—and by bringing the great things into obvious places of honour. As it is, good as it is—indeed, splendid—there is some falling short of a possible most-perfect order—some little lack of measure in beauty values and a slight feeling of stagnation. The precious objects in the Museum can only be properly seen by stimulated perceptions through a prepared atmosphere. A museum state of mind has to be "suggested," something almost like a ritual has to be developed—a sense of order, peace, and welcome. The romance of antiquity has to be brought out, and some slight occasional change, such as a particular show in a corner, is desirable to disguise the routine. I remember a little play by some quick-eyed students at South Kensington, of which one of the incidents was the entrance of uniformed (S. K.) museum custodians uttering colossal yawns. It was a palpable hit, and does suggest one danger of museum life. On the other hand, quietude is of the essence of the contract in this time of rapid transit and heavy traction—"whizz-whizz all on wheels! whirr-whirr all by steam!"

I am trying to suggest that the sculptures themselves are only worth the joy we have in them. When they were brought to England they heightened for a time our intellectual status—the cold stones created a glow of life, and were an impetus to Beauty. Keats understood; Haydon worshipped; the riding-master, by appreciating the horsemanship of the frieze, became a serious student and a critic. The British Museum is so supreme, and its administration is so scholarly, liberal, and generous, that it is difficult to ask whether it might not be still more perfect without seeming ungrateful for a great public inheritance and for many private and patient courtesies. Of those I am not unmindful, and, above all, I would like to be fair and reasonable—if it might be so.

The first great need in the Greek Department is some

revaluation of the objects, a frank acknowledgement of a beauty standard, and a venture at classification into first, second, and no rate. Rearrangement would inevitably follow any such estimation of worth. It may be objected that standards are not fixed. Quite so; we have to judge from the point of view of to-day, and only thus can we be ready for to-morrow. We cannot prepare by putting off. We may only be right by risking being wrong. Examine the contents of the Græco-Roman Corridor leading to the Elgin Gallery. A general note of dullness and doubt prevails, so that it is impossible to judge or enjoy the few vital works which have been intruded into the Townley stock. One Cupid as Herakles, a stupid low-Roman shop-product, is quite repulsive in its dotard imbecility, and many of the things in this gallery are little better. "Homer and the Muses," with three or four other fine reliefs and as many good heads, are much injured by the company they have to keep, and it is difficult to think why they have been banished to this gallery—or galley. The ideal heads of "Aphrodite, formerly known as Dione, 1596" (such is the legend); "Youthful Bacchus, 1629"; "Apollo, 1548," have the charm and pleasant surface of authentic Hellenistic work. Other heads in this gallery, although some are echoes of fine originals, have the sullen, scornful, satanic look which was loved in the Roman slave-statue market.

If the right of the objects in this gallery to a place were reconsidered, and the feeble ones were sent down, space might be found for a fine collection of reliefs now scattered, and many practically hidden in basements. Much very valuable space is taken up by long ranks of marble pedestals. Many works now in the cellars would, on revision, have a claim to the upper light, and in saying this I am reminded of hearing Sir Charles Newton say: "When Greece is exhausted fresh discoveries will be made in our cellars." Minor discoveries may also be made by cross-reference between the departments; thus one of the reliefs just mentioned, the "Libation to Bacchus" from Athens, is described in some notes in the MSS. Room as having been a cistern with an inscription.

W. R. LETHABY.

(To be concluded.)

MR. C. R. W. NEVINSON has been exhibiting in his studio the pictures which are about to cross the Atlantic for his forthcoming "one-man show" in New York. The collection is representative of the varied output of this young artist, who is so notoriously eclectic that we are apt to lose sight of his personality altogether. A careful examination of these pictures reveals an artist with quite definite reactions and aspirations which, though not particularly sensitive or refined, are quite different from common sensual reactions and aspirations, and may, in fact, be described as austere. It is this austerity which is the most valuable part of Mr. Nevinson's equipment as an artist, and it is in continual conflict with his facility in picture-making. When it conquers it gives us good work, restrained in colour and dignified in linear structure; when it fails—as it does all too frequently—we have all kinds of tricks and compromises, Cubism skilfully modified, sentimentality disguised as Impressionism, banality enlivened with a dash of Futurism, and so on and so forth. But the saving grace is there, and it will win the battle for Mr. Nevinson if he gives it a chance.

R. H. W.

The Apple, Third Quarter, published at 6s. by the proprietors of *Colour*, consists of art and letters. The letters are bad, except for a section entitled "By-Ways of Poetry" and reprinting lines by Corbet and from "Beowulf"; the art, including examples of Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Spencer Pryse and others, and a cheerful study "Back-chat" in Mr. Charles Graves' admirable manner, is more interesting. There is a "ninety-ish" atmosphere in this quarterly which we doubt whether the promoters really intended.

THE Sixty-Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain is being held until October 30 at 35, Russell Square, W.C.1. There are some remarkable and beautiful examples of pictorial photography.

Music

PIZZETTI'S LATEST WORK

PIZZETTI'S new Violin Sonata, introduced to the London public last week by Miss Kathleen Parlow, was to me in certain vital respects a disappointment. There is much beauty of thought in it, the style shows elements of the utmost value and suggestiveness, but in some ways it is not the work one hoped for from this particular composer at this particular time. To define the failure in words is not easy, for it is not a failure on the formal or the technical side. It lies in the content; there is something in the actual quality of the musical thought against which, over and over again, one found oneself protesting. Perhaps a digression may help to explain what may seem a hasty judgment.

The present state of affairs in music generally is this, that we are beginning to react against a reaction. To explain the first reaction in a few words, one has to be sweeping, for the reaction was very wide; it expressed itself as a strong revulsion against virtually the whole of the music of the mid-nineteenth century and later, against the big men as well as the small, against a Brahms and a Wagner as well as a Schumann, a Strauss and a Tchaikowsky. It implied that in the work of all these men, and of their contemporaries and followers, despite the widest differences both of method and of personality, there is something in common, some element or characteristic which our predecessors took for granted, but which our own generation is determined to reject. Now the only common measure of such composers as I have just mentioned is their emotionality. They all interpreted in far too liberal a sense the maxim that music must spring from the heart; they loved emotion blindly for its own sake, luxuriated in it, wallowed in it. It is inevitable that such phases should recur periodically in musical history, for ever since the primeval savage beat his first tom-tom at a corroboree, Music has been aware of her dangerous power to play upon the nerves of the susceptible, and unrestrained emotional appeal is clearly her line of least resistance.

Such a tendency does not necessarily argue a want of intellectual power on the part of those who give way to it. When one says that for the composers of the later nineteenth century the one thing that really mattered in music was emotion, one does not mean that they omitted to master their craft; far from it. One need only name Wagner, to this day unsurpassed as a master of texture, or Tchaikowsky, who spared no pains to perfect a technique that the incomparably greater Moussorgsky was ill-judged enough to disdain. The trouble was, rather, that the functions of the intellect and of the emotions became isolated from one another; the emotions ran their riotous course unchecked, whilst the intellect was focused on the purely material and technical consideration of music as a craft. Men forgot that emotion is only an element in the spiritual experience from which art springs, and that it must be refined and tempered in the fires of the intellect before it is fit to serve an artistic purpose. Impulse and vitality are not enough: reticence, austerity, and good taste must sooner or later reassert themselves as cardinal artistic virtues. And they are only acquired by a spiritual discipline which insists that thought and feeling must not be in estrangement, but must habituate themselves to constant mutual influence and interaction, until each begins to assume in some measure the qualities of the other; the mind, not wavering in its demand for truth, yet grows more flexible, more able to make allowance; the emotions, retaining their vitality, become less clamant and obstreperous.

Most of what has been happening in music during the last twenty or twenty-five years can be explained in terms of such an ideal. It has been, consciously, a reaction against the unchecked emotionalism of the preceding age; instinctively, an appeal to the mind to resume the control of which it should never have been deprived. The movement, however, soon lost its original sense of direction; it ceased to be a movement, and split up into a number of small independent revolutions, all bent on destroying, and all uncertain what to set up. On the creative side, little of permanent value (considering the tremendous activity) has been achieved. On the technical side, the most remarkable feature has been the attempt to approach harmony as a purely tonal problem, ignoring its logical and structural aspects. In this way we have shaken off the old fetters of tonic and dominant (which unquestionably had begun to hamper us beyond endurance), but so far we have established little semblance of order in our new republic. The fundamental harmonic conventions which make music possible are ignored and flouted in a way that recalls the gropings of the fifteenth century rather than the enlightenment of the twentieth. We may yet have to find our Ockenheim before we can evolve our Josquin, much less our Palestrina.

Now, as I said, we are beginning to re-act, and to reassert the old truth—the old platitude, if you like it better—that music must spring from the heart. The danger is that in rejecting the merely sensuous and the merely cerebral we may be tempted to readmit the claims of the merely emotional. If we do so, we shall be lost indeed, and it is because Pizzetti in this sonata shows a momentary yielding to this temptation that I for one cannot acclaim it as a masterpiece. There are places where it plays too directly upon our nerves, flicks us too deliberately on the raw. It has been suggested—whether with the authority of the composer or not, I cannot say—that Pizzetti is consciously endeavouring in this sonata to register his emotional impressions of the war. It is a likely explanation, and would account for these glimpses of a quivering, over-sensitized Pizzetti, whom the vision of pain has startled out of his habitual austerity and reserve, leading him, in the "*Pregliera per gl'innocenti*," to pen something that in essence (though not actually in style) is perilously akin to Puccini.

So much had to be said, for Pizzetti is one of the composers (there is a small handful of them scattered up and down various countries) on whom one's hopes of the future mainly rest. In the other parts of the work, more particularly in the last movement, there is often a refreshing beauty of thought, whilst the technique is fascinating. There is hardly any harmony: where chords or their equivalents are employed, they are of the simplest and barest description. Melody is the basis of the music—melodic statement by the violin, and melodic imitation by the piano, whose accompaniment is frequently the merest hint or suggestion, like some hasty sketch thrown off in charcoal. It is a delightful method; the listener's attention is not distracted by a wealth of charming but superfluous ornament, whilst his intelligence is flattered by the assumption that he can follow out, without assistance, any train of thought the composer may wish to suggest, and that it is unnecessary for the latter to labour every little point in detail.

R. O. M.

MR. EDWARD J. DENT has left England for Germany on behalf of THE ATHENÆUM. He will contribute a series of articles on the present condition of the arts in that country. In spite of the resumption of intellectual relations between the two countries, very little news of artistic developments in Germany has reached this country since the outbreak of the war. Mr. Dent's articles will deal with Music, Literature, and the Drama; and we are persuaded that our readers will look forward with interest to the first authoritative account, by a distinguished English critic, of these matters.

CONCERTS

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW distinguished herself by including in the programme of her recital on October 1 the new violin sonata by Ildebrando Pizzetti, the pianoforte part being taken by Mr. Charlton Keith. Fuller reference to this work is made in another column. Miss Parlow played well, but we do not quite see why she should have troubled herself to disinter the respectable bones of Jules Conus' concerto. They were so peaceful where they were; it would have been much kinder to leave them undisturbed.

For the rest, the recital season has begun with a vengeance, but the Promenades still managed during last week to give us more entertaining fare than anything to be found elsewhere. On the Tuesday we had the first hearing of a new violin concerto by Mr. York Bowen, in which the solo part was played with discretion rather than brilliance by Miss Marjorie Hayward. The concerto shows sound workmanship, and is not so gaudy and meretricious as some other things we have heard from the same pen, but only a confirmed optimist would venture to call it interesting. This concert was none the less one of the most enjoyable of the series; the programme included, amongst other things, Suk's *Scherzo Fantastique* and Novak's suite for small orchestra. These are two attractive specimens of the Bohemian school of composition; slender and unpretentious, they please by their vivid colouring and gaiety of rhythm. Moussorgsky's "*Pictures from an Exhibition*" astonish one afresh every time one hears them; no one else in music gives us anything to compare with this harsh, uncompromising truthfulness. It is not the mere ingenuity of the pictorial suggestion that makes these little pieces so convincing; it is the insight that has carried Moussorgsky right into the mind of the artist who painted the pictures, and enabled him to recreate the vital impulse underlying them, and give it a newer and fuller life in his own music. Sir Henry Wood has orchestrated the series with a success that does not always reward his efforts, but this very skill may mislead the hearer into supposing that what he is hearing is merely a clever piece of realistic imitation.

Another new English work, Mr. Herbert Howells's "*Merry-Eye*," was played at the Thursday concert. Mr. Howells had evidently been asked to provide material for the analytical notes that bulk so large in the programme on these occasions, and had taken his revenge by appending a few well-chosen words which told the reader precisely nothing. We therefore had the rare privilege of being compelled to listen to the music purely as music, and judge it by purely musical standards. It would be no bad thing if composers went a step further and imposed on themselves a self-denying ordinance to refrain from christening their works at all; those listeners to whom music is merely a means of arousing a train of thought by sentimental association would then, at any rate, have to set their own thoughts in motion. The effort would be tiring at first, no doubt, but would prove beneficial in the end. And one day they might veritably surprise themselves in the act of listening to the music. But we digress. Mr. Howells's work is, on the whole, one of the most attractive things he has given us. It is rather too self-consciously clever, perhaps; it is certainly too long, and the ending is a failure. But it has some alluring rhythms, and some beautiful melody; moreover, it leaves one with the impression that it means rather more than it says, and that one would not tire of it on a closer acquaintance. It would be well worth the composer's while to revise the score with a view to abridgment where possible, and to rewrite the last two or three pages altogether.

R. O. M.

THE London Symphony Orchestra announce that Mr. Albert Coates will conduct their fifteenth series of orchestral concerts, the first of which will take place at Queen's Hall on November 1. The programmes are full of interest, and cover a wide field of music both old and new. Of contemporary music, the most notable items are Vaughan Williams' "*London Symphony*," Holst's "*The Planets*," and Delius' Double Concerto. There is a Bach-Beethoven-Brahms programme at one of the concerts; and on January 24, 1921, Bach's B minor Mass is to be performed. The Russians are well represented, while the French works include the "*Chant Funèbre*" of Albéric Magnard, whose death was one of the musical tragedies of the war.

Drama

THE POWER OF A LIE

AMBASSADORS' THEATRE.—"The White-Headed Boy." By Lennox Robinson.

IT is strange how fascinating plays about lies always are. There was Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars," and in these later days "Ready Money" and "Nothing but the Truth." Zola in his ponderous way was much exercised by the faculty which the lie had of taking to itself hands and feet, travelling, marrying and bringing forth progeny beyond anything its own father had ever dreamed. But perhaps it is more amusing when the thing is not taken so seriously. When it is lightly and mockingly treated it is delightful, and when it is set to the music of Irish voices it is enchanting.

That is the secret of the success of "The White-Headed Boy," again one of those plays to be listened to and enjoyed rather than to be solemnly discussed. It is surely nothing so tedious as a political parable—and the one political allusion might well be cut out, since it reminds us, in the midst of the art and the cleverness, of the sort of stupidity we want to forget. It is not politics but human nature that explains why the Geoghegan family, proud and poor, having to ship off to Canada their mother's pet boy, who has wasted all the money at Dublin and done nothing, gave out to the rival village clan of Duffy that Denis was going away to take up a first-class appointment. Thus the lie was born and began to walk. For it was with the most honourable intention that the Geoghegans insisted on the never-do-well breaking off his engagement with John Duffy's daughter Delia before sailing, and yet John Duffy, having swallowed the lie whole, would have it that they were throwing his girl over for pride at Denis's good luck, and threatened proceedings for breach. Then the Geoghegans learned how much mightier fiction is than truth, for by no means could they induce Duffy to believe that they had been fooling him; and so the entanglement goes on for three joyful acts, of which the last is perhaps five minutes too long.

There are moments in it, perhaps, when one feels that Mr. Robinson ought to be giving us pictures of the hard facts of life instead of just entertaining us. There is such a real pathos in the figure of George, the pinched and harassed elder brother with the heavy care of the family on his shoulders, or "Baby," the hulking younger sister, with her savagery of manner and adornment, and her aspirations after a fashionable life in Dublin, that from time to time we stop laughing for a moment to wonder what Mr. Robinson might offer us in a serious mood. Seeing this play a day or two after reading "Adam of Dublin," we begin to wonder seriously whether it is not from Ireland that we are to expect a great revival of the psychological novel and drama—not the laborious application of the psychological scalpel, but a free and flexible mastery of the characters and souls of men. Indignant people may say that we have such an Irish literature already. We can only reply that we want a great deal more of it.

Mr. Robinson is extremely well served by his players. When we see the names of Arthur Sinclair, Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill on the programme we know what we have to expect. Miss O'Neill's admirable (and rather self-sacrificing) performance as the fantastic elderly Aunt Ellen who is made a hymeneal victim to appease the wrath of Postmaster Duffy is a great hit, and deserves to be. Miss Nan Fitzgerald as the postmaster's wise little daughter seemed to us the most delightful *ingénue* we had ever seen—but perhaps we were just a little suffering from Tom Broadbent's trouble when he first heard the voice of Nora Reilly.

D. L. M.

A STRIKE PLAY

GARRICK THEATRE.—"The Right to Strike." By Ernest Hutchinson.

THE "Right to Strike" is a live play at least. By making a resolve to see it steadily as it is apart from the brutal atmosphere it generates among its audience, we can see that it is a play of good feeling. The author did not really mean to provide a political cock-fight for the partisans of each side in the class-war to whoop and cheer over (perhaps he had forgotten that the post-war London audience has put off more valuable decencies than its evening dress), but to drive home a lesson which it is peculiarly difficult to get people in this country to swallow. His play is a study of the futility of hate.

This, of course, was pretty much the theme of Galsworthy's "Strife," also built round an industrial dispute. Mr. Hutchinson's work cannot compare with Galsworthy's as dramatic literature, but it is a sound piece of stagecraft, showing considerable power of characterization. The characters, it is true, do not always "come off." Gordon Montague, the strike-controller, for instance, is surely just the Bolshevik of popular caricature—or is it Mr. Leon M. Lion's sinister make-up that turns him into such a figure of melodrama? And similarly the surgeon Wrigley, the protagonist in the counter-strike of the doctors against the railwaymen, is a lay-figure, designed to play Magog to the Gog of the proletarian chief. Perhaps that, too, is a little the fault of the actor, Mr. C. Kenyon. Surgeons who rise in their profession have surely a little control of their nerves. On the other hand, the Labour M.P., Walter Dewhurst, so shrewd and shifty, yet coming out, no one knows how, on the right as well as the successful side at each turn of the drama, is an admirable study. So is Sir Roger Pilkington, the courteous but inflexible chairman of the Valleyhead Railway, which is the scene of the trouble. But then he could hardly not be convincing with Mr. Bassett Roe to play him. What an example this finished and experienced actor was to almost everybody around him on the stage! Something of the same kind may be said of Mr. Holman Clark's performance of the old doctor, who, though his son has been murdered by the strikers, refuses—to the almost openly avowed contempt of the ladies and gentlemen of the audience—to seize his chance, like a sensible man, of murdering the chief striker's wife by refusing to attend her in a dangerous childbirth.

If there are enough of the kind of people we heard applauding the blackguard Wrigley and his plot to keep on filling the theatre, it may be salutary to quote for their particular benefit a line or two from some reflections on the play made by the medical correspondent of *The Times*:

That kind of person [doctors] . . . cannot go on strike. Guardian angels and mothers and people generally who are the "grown-ups" of this absurd nursery of life do not go on strike. They just go to sleep when they are very, very tired, and wake up again and "go on being," as the little girl said.

That will be a disappointment to many, but it must be borne bravely. Perhaps, meanwhile, we can think of some other way of behaving as badly as we always make out that trade unionists behave.

D. L. M.

AN experiment in municipal drama is being made by the Labour Mayors of Battersea, Camberwell, Fulham, Shoreditch and Stepney, supported by all the other Labour Mayors of London boroughs, in co-operation with Miss Lena Ashwell. The "Once a Week Players" will be seen on the same evening every week in the respective boroughs, and, given public support, will present a different play each week. Borough Councils concerned are to provide halls for the performances at nominal charges, and at the end of the season it is hoped that the financial results may enable a full payment. In any case, no cost will fall on the rates.

THE PHENIX PROGRAMME

OF the five plays which have been selected by the Phoenix for production in the coming season, 1920-21, that which longest held the stage, and which was indeed being regularly acted until the middle of the last century, is Otway's "Venice Preserv'd." Nor is this surprising, for both from a purely poetical canon as well as from its supreme dramatic quality it is undeniably one of the masterpieces of English tragedy. "Nature is there, which is the greater beauty." Such is the verdict of John Dryden.

"Volpone" is acclaimed by many critics Ben Jonson's most perfect play, and tremendous indeed is the conception of the old magnifico. He looms a huge and sombre figure of evil, sensual, avaricious, cruel, and wholly unclean. An artist in sheer wickedness, he deludes his gaping flatterers and crams his bursting coffers from their greed. Presently he dupes them all, and is as pleased to mark their impotent despair, to hear their bitter cries and futile curses, to watch their white and haggard faces, as he was to handle the massy plate, to grasp the Orient pearl, to chink the bag of bright gold coin they brought to purchase his heritage. A shameless parasite, Mosca, the flesh-fly, panders to his vilest vices. In the depths of his palace dwell strange hybrid creatures who minister to him and amuse his duller hours with fantastic galliards and songs that echo Lucian and Petronius Arbiter. Venice is corrupting fast. Not far distant are the days of final decadence, of effeminate abbatini and cicisbei, of Carlo Gozzi's fairy *fiabe*, the thousand adventures of Casanova, Baffo's unmentionable sonnets. Perhaps we lost more than we know when Beardsley did not live to complete his drawings for "Volpone."

"Bartholomew Fair" is a titanic comedy of the frankest realism. Jonson is in his most jovial mood, and laughter runs riot. Even as we read we seem to hear the uproar and din of the thronging fair. We smell the savoury fumes of roast pig; we make our way among the stalls and booths, pressing through a crowd of traders and loose-fingered gentry. Nightingale chants his ballads, Mother Trash bawls her gingerbread, Ursula rates her lean tapster, Quarlous and Knockem fight, Cokes' pocket is picked, the puritan is carried off to the stocks and we all rejoice at his discomfiture.

"The Witch of Edmonton," which was originally acted in 1623, gives a sinister picture of the village crone, dubbed witch and harried until she becomes a witch indeed. Many such a persecuted hag perished miserably at the stake under James I., hounded to an almost inevitable doom. The grim, if sordid story of the supernatural in this tragedy alternates with domestic scenes of extraordinary beauty and simple pathos.

"All for Love" is generally considered Dryden's masterpiece in tragedy. No finer play on the love of Antony and Cleopatra has ever been written. Dryden's treatment of Cleopatra differs widely from that of Shakespeare, but the two are not contradictory, they are not incompatible.

MONTAGUE SUMMERS.

[Particulars of the Phoenix Society's performances can be and from the Secretary, 36, Southampton Street, W.C.2 (telephone: 6907 Gerrard).]

Correspondence

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In the critique of the Riverside Press editions which appeared in THE ATHENÆUM of August 27, your contributor rightly gives the highest praise to H. H. Brownell's "Lines of Battle" (1912)—but to the making of that book I can lay no claim. It was entirely the work of my assistant and successor, the late Douglas Field, whose untimely death a year ago removed one of our most accomplished and enthusiastic printers in the flower of his youth.

My connection with the Riverside Press ceased in 1912 with "Ecclesiastes"—of making many books there *was* (for me) an end. But Field took up the work, and, during the three years that he remained at the Press, designed perhaps a dozen books of most exceptional merit. In addition to "Lines of Battle" (1912) there were: "Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray" (1911), "Charles Dickens: the Man

and his Work" (1912), Woodrow Wilson's "Mere Literature" (1913), Carlyle's "The Diamond Necklace" (1913), "Washington's Farewell Address" (1913), Lafcadio Hearn's "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist" and "Fantastics," Charles Lamb's "Old China," and others of which collectors of beautiful books would do well to take note.

Field had had little or no preliminary training as a printer when he came to the Press, but he possessed what your contributor happily calls "an understanding eye"; which means, in a printer, a feeling for proportion and design combined with a keen love of literature and books—that sense of "fitness" which is the everlasting basis of all good work in the useful arts.

Faithfully yours,
BRUCE ROGERS.

September 21, 1920.

BEYLE AND BYRON

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Which is right? It cannot be both," asks Mr. Larigot. But really there is no dilemma. There is an ambiguity about the word "historical," and it is this ambiguity rather than the question in dispute which seems to disturb Mr. Larigot. History is diverse, being of events, of persons, or of ideas; and I was concerned primarily with the last-named. Accordingly, if I am charged with the misinterpretation of the characters of Beyle and Byron, I reply that I was not so much intending the interpretation of character, which is inevitably personal and prejudiced, as the presentation of ideas, which is historical. But as for the *imaginary method* of that presentation, I am only too willing to endorse the defence of Mr. Forster.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT READ.

October 3, 1920.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Read, in his letter of your issue of September 24, states: "As for the character of Beyle, we all have our ideas about that." Literary opinion in France is divided on the subject as well as in England. Armand de Pontmartin, who knew him personally in 1840, in his old age wrote (in his *feuilleton* of the *Gazette de France*, April 21, 1888) with reference to Prosper Mérimée's friendship for Henri Beyle:

Mérimée, si peu malléable, l'avait acceptée et subie en la personne de cet affreux Stendhal, dont on veut faire aujourd'hui un grand écrivain, un grand homme, et qui, de son vivant, n'excitait que le mépris, presque le dégoût. Stendhal (Henri Beyle) était tellement décrié auprès de toutes les chancelleries européennes que, lorsqu'il fut nommé consul, il ne put être toléré qu'à Civita-Vecchia, c'est-à-dire par cette indulgente Cour de Rome qu'il poursuivait de ses injures. Comme son poste l'ennuyait, il s'absentait continuellement, allait faire de l'esprit et du dilettantisme avec les cardinaux, les artistes et les belles Romaines, et abandonnait les affaires du consulat à un imbécile, son subalterne, Grec d'origine, Bécotien de nature, qui s'appelait Lysimaque Sebastopoulo. En général, son impiété ou son cynisme semblait dire aux croyants qu'il rencontrait dans les salons: "Si tu recules, j'avance; si tu avances, je recule."

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW DE TERNANT.

36, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.

A PROTEST FROM CHINA

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am much obliged to Dr. Giles for drawing my attention to my unconsidered utterances: but I am to be excused if my letter was not meant for publication. However, I owe Mr. Waley the sincerest apology for involving his name in a semi-private letter. As women and Chinese poets are concerned, I must say that Mr. Waley's sweeping judgment that the Chinese regard their wives as mere instruments of procreation is too much for a people who pride themselves on their family affections. No doubt there are exceptions, but are we to judge the people of this country by the wife-beating and wife-murdering cases in the evening papers and say that the British are wife-murderers?

Mr. Waley also said that the exchange of verses between men and women had ceased in the time of Tang—I am not sure it was Tang or Hang that he mentioned in this connection. This statement has not a shadow of truth. If he takes the

trouble to look over any Chinese newspaper, he would be surprised to find many poems of some literal value written by schoolgirls. As regards "exchange of verses," a casual reading of Chinese modern poets will tell him that it is actually exchanged. I, myself, when I was at school tried the same game—though I do not pretend to compose poetry of the slightest value. When I used the unfortunate word "lie" in a general statement—it was not used particularly for Mr. Waley—I had in mind his statement with reference to women; I did not mean to refer to his excellent translations of Chinese poetry. There may be some mistakes, as Dr. Giles suggests, but such mistakes are inevitable even for ourselves—our literature being so difficult.

Again, there is Mr. J. O. P. Bland. I naturally disagree with his views in his articles in *The Times*, for they are too harsh on the gem of New China—the patriotic work of the Chinese students at home. Having read in the *North China Herald*, "Mr. Bland, in the course of an afternoon speech, declared that, during the war with Russia, he was in the secret service of Japan," I just thoughtlessly used the unfortunate term in connection with his name. To him I also apologize.

I am

Yours faithfully,
CHIAWEI KWO.

October 4, 1920.

MILTON'S "LYCIDAS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I find eight non-rhyming lines in Milton's "Lycidas" (see *ATHENÆUM*, October 1, p. 443), namely, 1, 13, 15, 22, 51, 82, 91, 161.

"Appeared" (line 25) is sufficiently matched by "heard" (line 27). Possibly Milton pronounced the latter "heerd," as did Dr. Johnson, who justified his practice by comparison with "ear." Or the words under notice in "Lycidas" may perhaps have been pronounced "appard" and "hard." This will dispose of two of your contributor's eleven non-rhyming lines. As for "guest" (line 118), I think this may be regarded as a fair rhyme with "feast" and "least," even if it, or they, were not at that time actually pronounced to accord. I observe that in "Il Penseroso" (last line but five) Milton rhymes "shew" with "dew." (Compare "blew" and "shew"—Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Bk. II., Canto V., St. 29; and "threw," "hue," "shew," and "view"—*idem*, Canto VII., St. 45. Also "pew" and "shew"—Butler's "Hudibras," Part III., Canto III., line 166 from the end.)

Yours faithfully,

J. B. WALLIS.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Howe for pointing out what had escaped my recollection, namely, that the passages quoted on p. 410 from an unsigned article in the *Examiner* for June 14, 1818, form a part of Hazlitt's "Letter to Gifford."

On comparing the article with the "Letter" (published in 1819), I find that the former, with considerable expansions, and some slight alterations, apart from the change from the third to the second person, is virtually reproduced in the first portion of the "Letter." The *Examiner* article is short. The "Letter," the introductory sentence of which is: "Sir, You have an ugly trick of saying what is not true of anyone you do not like," in its entirety fills nearly 87 octavo pages of bold type. Seemingly, the *Examiner* article was a preliminary study for the later production.

On October 6 of the year in which this article was published in the *Examiner* there appeared in the *Alfred*, an Exeter newspaper, a review of "Endymion," written by Reynolds, from which I quote this week in "A Hundred Years Ago." The critic deals to good purpose with the *Quarterly*, and evidently had read Hazlitt's article.

In reference to Leigh Hunt, I do not myself think that he was a "very" hard hitter, although upon occasion he could deliver shrewd strokes.

Yours faithfully,

THE COMPILER OF "A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."
October 4, 1920.

Foreign Literature

A LESSON IN CRITICISM

ARIOSTO, SHAKESPEARE E CORNEILLE. By Benedetto Croce.
(Bari, Laterza. 16.50 lire.)

THERE is hardly another critic in Europe in the lofty position of Professor Benedetto Croce.

This distinguished philosopher and man of letters, who stands on a pinnacle by himself in modern Italian literature, has by now published four volumes on the "Filosofia dello spirito," five volumes of philosophic essays and fourteen volumes of essays in political and literary history. If quantity alone were admirable, this output, considering the subject-matter which involves most extensive reading, would be remarkable; but what is truly remarkable in his work is the unflinching level of critical judgment, the acute penetration, the grasp of essentials and rejection of unessentials, the firm hold on fundamental principles, the singleness of purpose and the clear illumination given by this singleness, gathering all the other light-giving qualities like a lens and focusing them upon their object. So lofty a mind, perhaps, must needs be magisterial. Professor Croce is not inhuman, for no inhuman mind could so sensitively apprehend the human qualities of the literature he judges; but he is not indulgent, nor does he seek to charm for his own sake. His style reflects the clarity of his mind; every sentence that he writes is to the point and perfectly intelligible; but the closeness of his argument reflects the economy and directness of his thought, and it needs, as it deserves, the closest attention on the reader's part. He is to be read, therefore, in a studious rather than a hedonistic mood: nor, we believe, would he have it otherwise, for one of his chief principles is that creative art and criticism are two wholly different things, and it would be inconceivable to him that any sound criticism, the aim of which is the discovery of truth and the justification of judgment, should include in its expression the aim of art, which is the creation of beauty. On this point we may be inclined to make reservations. There are, and may be, critics in whose writing beauty, not too consciously aimed at, comes in—to use a phrase of Aristotle about happiness—as an *ἐπιγυρομένη ὥρα*, an adventitious bloom. There is no adventitious bloom in Signor Croce's pages, but to this we hold him right to be indifferent, for clarity is his aim, and clarity he achieves.

The volume before us is the latest of the "Scritti di storia letteraria e politica." In his foreword the author says that he collocated the three names to prove that by the same principles complete intelligence may be obtained of the most diverse, and almost opposite, forms of art, and to illustrate the fundamental æsthetic ideas which he has most at heart—ideas which are now more or less familiar in the world of criticism. The illustration is masterly and the proof is triumphant. To follow the whole course of it in a short review would be impossible, but the point most worth making about it can be shortly made—it is a profoundly stimulating lesson in criticism. Professor Croce does not set out to tell us what he thinks of Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille: his aim is to explain why in fact we appreciate them. The simplest minds, as he remarks more than once, can appreciate great art, but it takes all the attention of a trained critic to make this appreciation clear and to point out what really is the art appreciated. To him the functions and the limits of criticism are perfectly evident, and it is here that, in a world of loose thinking, one appreciates his extraordinary soundness. Æsthetic formulas, he says, are no equivalent for art—a saying that all critics should repeat daily. Another golden saying is this: "Every

true work of art is incomparable and has in itself the perfection appropriate to it." Or again, to quote the original:

I limiti invalicabili di ogni caratteristica critica, che dovrebbero ormai essere noti, sono dati dall' impossibilità di render mai in termini logici la pienezza di una poesia o di altra opera artistica, perché è chiaro che, se codesta traduzione fosse possibile, l'arte sarebbe impossibile, cioè surrogabile e superflua; e nondimeno, in quei limiti, la critica esercita il suo proprio ufficio, che è di discernere e additare dove sia propriamente il motivo poetico, e di formare gli schemi che aiutino a distinguere il proprio di ciascun' opera.

These are the principles which Professor Croce magnificently puts into practice, and it is astonishing to find how much that is bad criticism, or not criticism at all, or not criticism of art, falls away in the process. Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille are all treated, to begin with, solely from the point of view of their true greatness, that is, as poets. The "poetic motive," or, as he says of Ariosto, the "cuore del suo cuore," is what he sets out to discover. English readers will best be able to judge if he has succeeded in the case of Shakespeare, and we are confident of their verdict. Not only will they be treated to a most sympathetic appreciation of the greatness of all the great plays and characters, but they will see, almost with amusement, volume after volume of so-called Shakespearian criticism metaphorically thrown into the waste-paper basket as irrelevant to the inquiry, however relevant they may have been to biographical, historical or philological research. The first chapter on Shakespeare which examines these irrelevancies—those of Brandes and Mr. Frank Harris, for example, which he dismisses as "amusing novels," all the controversies over the characters addressed in the Sonnets, all the Baconian ineptitudes, all inquiries as to Shakespeare's technique as a playwright—is a delightful display of a logical broom sweeping the room tidy. But it is far more than a delightful display, for it is a model inquiry conducted by a truly great critic. We hope this book will soon be translated. O. W.

LA MORT DE NOTRE CHÈRE FRANCE EN ORIENT. Par Pierre Loti. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 6fr. 75.)—Admirers of M. Loti in England, where we suppose no French author is more widely read, will be disappointed if they expect to find the typical Loti qualities in this book. It is political propaganda, written, it would appear, at top speed and under the stress of great emotion, while a considerable proportion of it is taken up by letters from French officers in sympathy with the author's ideas.

M. Loti's passionate admiration for the Turk is well known, and with all its extravagance is entitled in a man of genius and sincerity to some respect. But really he protests too much. According to him the Turk, far from being the cruel and reactionary fanatic seen by his enemies, is a being endowed with virtues almost superhuman, a creature all loyalty, simplicity, tolerance, courage. And France has made the fatal crime and blunder "de contribuer à anéantir la race la plus loyale de l'Europe et la seule vraiment amie, au profit de notre implacable rivale et de sa méprisable petite alliée." The last two are, of course, England and Greece, the former of whom armed and equipped bands of Armenians, *disguised as French* (the italics are those of M. Loti), and let them massacre whole Turkish villages in order to weaken French influence!

Poor old England! It seems a long while since she took a hand in pushing the allies of "la race la plus loyale de l'Europe" off the soil of France. All the same, some of the statements in this book, some of the accusations against British officers in the East, are worth the attention of whatever institution is engaged, in succession to the Napoleon of Crewe House, in "winning the peace." Their uncontradicted circulation is not likely to popularize us either in France or in the Orient. C. F.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Kilner (Walter J.).** The Human Atmosphere (The Aura). 8½x6. 300 pp. il. Kegan Paul, 10/6 n.
Schrenck-Notzing (Baron von). Phenomena of Materialisation: a Contribution to the Investigation of Mediumistic Teleplastics. Tr. by E. E. Fournier d'Albe. 10½x6½. 352 pp. il. Kegan Paul, 35/ n.

RELIGION.

- Field (The) is the World.** Popular Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1919-20. 8½x5½. 100 pp. Bible House, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Grierson (E.). Sketches of English Church History. 8½x6½. 89 pp. il. S.P.C.K., 4/ n.
Russell (Lady John). Home Prayers. 5½x4½. 107 pp. Lindsey Press, 3/ n.
Stevenson (W. B.). Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel: their Lives and Books (Guild Text-Books). 6x4. 105 pp. Black, 1/ n.
***White (Hugh G. Evelyn), ed.** The Sayings of Jesus from Oxyrhynchus: with Introduction, Critical Apparatus and Commentary. 8x5½. 124 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/6 n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

- Churchward (Albert).** The Origin and Evolution of Freemasonry, connected with the Origin and Evolution of the Human Race. 8½x5½. 239 pp. Allen & Unwin, 12/6 n.
Conference of all Friends. Friends and War: a New Statement of the Quaker Position. 7½x4½. 23 pp. Continuation Committee, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C.2, 3d.
Dalton (Hugh). Some Aspects of the Inequality of Incomes in Modern Communities. 8½x6. 372 pp. Routledge, 10/6 n.
***Greenwood (Arthur).** Public Ownership of the Liquor Trade (New Era Series, Vol. 5). 7½x5. 188 pp. Parsons, 4/6 n.
Lawrence (T. J.). Les Principes de Droit International. Tr. from 5th ed. by Jacques Dumas and A. de Lapradelle. 10x7. 810 pp. Milford, 15/ n.
Macdonald (Rt. Hon. J. A. Murray). The Case for Federal Devolution. 7½x4½. 69 pp. King, 2/6 n.
***Murray (Gilbert).** Satanism and the World Order. 6½x4. 46 pp. Allen & Unwin, paper 1/6, cl. 2/6 n.
***Snowden (Philip).** Labour and National Finance (New Era Series, Vol. 6). 7½x5. 160 pp. Parsons, 4/6 n.
Storey (Harold). The Case against the Lloyd George Coalition. 7½x4½. 103 pp. Allen & Unwin, 1/ n.
Stowell (Charles Jacob). The Journeymen Tailors' Union of America: a Study in Trade Union Policy (Illinois University Studies in the Social Sciences). 9½x6½. 142 pp. Urbana, Univ. of Illinois, \$1.
Triepel (Heinrich). Droit International et Droit Interne (Bibliothèque Française de Droit des Gens de la Fondation Carnegie). Tr. by René Brunet. 10x6½. 456 pp. Paris, A. Pédone, 13, rue Soufflot (Oxford Univ. Press), 10/6 n.

EDUCATION.

- Harvard University Catalogue, 1919-20.** 7½x5½. 1003 pp. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University.
Illinois. Sixteen Years at the University of Illinois: a Statistical Study of the Administration of President Edmund J. James. 9½x6½. 263 pp. Illinois University Press, \$2.50 n.
Leeds University. Fifteenth Report, 1918-19. 8½x5½. 138 pp. Leeds, Jowett & Sowry, Albion Street.
New World School Series. English Course, Book I. 7½x4½. 88 pp. Collins, 1/3 n.
Village Education in India: the Report of a Commission of Inquiry. 7½x5. 210 pp. Milford, 5/ n.
Workers' Educational Association. University Reform. 8½x5½. 24 pp. Central Book Room, W.E.A., 16, Harpur Street, W.C.1, 3d.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- *Fabre (J. H.).** Souvenirs Entomologiques (Deuxième Série). Etudes sur l'Instinct et les Mœurs des Insectes. Edition définitive illustrée. 10x6½. 370 pp. Paris, Delagrave.

***Roberts (Morley)**. Warfare in the Human Body: Essays on Method, Malignity, Repair and Allied Subjects. Introd. by Professor Arthur Keith. 9x5½. 286 pp. Nash, 18/ n.

***Thomson (J. Arthur)**. The System of Animate Nature (Gifford Lectures delivered in St. Andrews University). 8½x5½. 2 vols. 700 pp. Williams & Norgate, 30/ n.

FINE ARTS.

Charm of the Etcher's Art, Part III. (The Studio Graphic Art Folios). 14x16½. The Studio, 7/6 n.

Lavery (Felix). Raphael. 10x7½. 161 pp. il. Sands, 21/ n.

Salaman (Malcolm C.). The Modern Colour Print of Original Design. 7½x5. 28 pp. Bromhead, Cutts & Co., 18, Cork Street, W.1, 3/6 n.

LITERATURE.

Boccaccio. Decameron: a Ten Days' Entertainment. Illustrated by Thomas Derrick. 8½x5½. 587 pp. Chatto & Windus, 10/6 n.

Browne (Bishop G. F.). King Alfred's Books. 9½x6½. 390 pp. S.P.C.K., 30/ n.

Dos Passos (John). One Man's Initiation, 1917. 7½x5. 128 pp. Allen & Unwin, 6/ n.

From a Common-Room Window, by Orbilius. 6½x4. 85 pp. Oswestry, Owen & Son, 2/ n.

Joly (J.). Reminiscences and Anticipations. 9x6. 264 pp., il. Fisher Unwin, 15/ n.

Lynch (Arthur). The Immortal Caravel: a Book of Thoughts and Aphorisms (The Pilgrim's Books). 6½x4½. 196 pp. Philip Allan, 5/ n.

Ruffin (J. N.). Forms of Oratorical Expression and their Delivery, or Logic and Eloquence Illustrated. 8½x5½. 464 pp. il. Simpkin & Marshall, 10/6 n.

With the Walnuts and the Wine. Collected by Gilly. 7x4½. 180 pp. Mills & Boon, 3/6 n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Folguera (Joaquim). Poesies. 7½x5. 148 pp. Barcelona, La Revista, 4 pes.

Hill (Harold George). Songs of the Highlands and Islands; and other Poems. 7½x5½. 135 pp. E. Macdonald, 6/ n.

Hodge (H. S. Vere). Half-Way. 7½x4½. 75 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 4/6 n.

***Horace**. Odes. Translated into English Verse by Lionel Lancelot Shadwell, with the Latin Text. 6x3½. 262 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 7/6 n.

Monserat (K. W.). The Red Halls; and other Verses. 7½x5. 44 pp. E. Macdonald, 3/6 n.

Rice (Sir Cecil Arthur Spring). Poems. 7½x5. 181 pp. Longmans, 7/6 n.

FICTION.

Armstrong (Anthony). The Lure of the Past. 7½x5. 256 pp. Stanley Paul, 8/6 n.

Barcynska (Countess). Love's Last Reward. 7½x5. 288 pp. Hurst & Blackett, 8/6 n.

Beck (Christopher). The Brigand of the Air. 8x5½. 224 pp. il. Pearson, 4/6 n.

Burr (Jane). The Passionate Spectator. 7½x5. 241 pp. Duckworth, 6/ n.

Cather (Willia). Youth and the Bright Medusa. 7½x5½. 302 pp. New York, Knopf, \$2.25 n.

Dawson-Scott (C. A.). The Headland. 7½x5. 276 pp. Heinemann, 9/ n.

De Morant (George Soulie). In the Claws of the Dragon. 7½x5. 288 pp. Allen & Unwin, 7/6 n.

Dimmock (F. Haydn). The Lost Trooper. 8x5½. 191 pp. il. Pearson, 4/ n.

Frapié (León). La Proscrita (La Novela Literaria). 7½x5. 306 pp. Valencia, Prometeo, 3.50 pes.

Gautier (Théophile). Mademoiselle de Maupin. Tr. with an Introduction by Burton Rascoe. 8½x5½. 410 pp. New York, Knopf, \$4 n.

Mauriac (François). La Chair et le Sang. 7½x4½. 280 pp. Paris, Emile-Paul.

Montague (Margaret Prescott). England to America. 56 pp. —Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge. 60 pp. 6½x4½. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. (Simpkin), 5/ n. each.

Richards (Robin). Cold Blood. 7½x5. 287 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.

Tinayre (Mabelle). Perséphone. 7½x4½. 266 pp. Paris, Calmann-Lévy, 6fr. 75.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

Cameron (Charlotte). A Cheechako in Alaska and Yukon. 9x5½. 201 pp. il. map. Fisher Unwin, 25/ n.

Greenwich and Lewisham Antiquarian Society Transactions. Vol. II. The Greenwich Parish Registers, 1615-1636-7. 8½x5½. 167 pp. Blackheath Press, S.E.3, 10/6.

***Muirhead (Findlay)**, ed. Belgium and the Western Front: British and American (Blue Guides). 6½x4½. 458 pp. 60 maps and plans. Macmillan, 15/ n.

BIOGRAPHY.

American and English Genealogies in the Library of Congress, compiled under the Direction of the Chief of the Catalogue Division. 10½x7½. 1332 pp. Washington, Govt. Printing Office.

Dodd (William E.). Woodrow Wilson and his Work. 8½x5½. 369 pp. Simpkin & Marshall, 15/ n.

Gardner (Monica). Kosciuszko. 7½x5. 211 pp. Allen & Unwin, 7/6 n.

Memories of William Hole, R.S.A. By his Wife. Introd. by Rev. John Kelman. 7½x5½. 209 pp. il. Chambers, 6/ n.

Pearce (Ernest Harold). Walter de Wenlok, Abbot of Westminster (Ecclesiastical Biographies). 8½x5½. 243 pp. S.P.C.K., 12/ n.

Ruskin the Prophet; and other Centenary Studies. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. 8½x5½. 157 pp. Allen & Unwin, 8/6 n.

Scott (W. R.). William Cunningham, 1849-1919 (from the Proceedings of the British Academy). 9½x6. 10 pp. Milford, 1/6 n.

West (Sir Algernon). Contemporary Portraits: Men of my Day in Public Life. 9x5½. 231 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 18/ n.

HISTORY.

Penney (Norman), ed. The Household Account Book of Sarah Fell of Swarthmore Hall. 10x6½. 597 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 42/ n.

***Richardson (Hubert N. B.)**. A Dictionary of Napoleon and his Times. 10x6½. 495 pp. Cassell, 30/ n.

Rodd (Sir Rennell). The Italian People (British Academy, Annual Italian Lecture). 9½x6½. 21 pp. Milford, 2/ n.

***Wilton (Robert)**. The Last Days of the Romanovs. 9x6. 320 pp. il. Thornton Butterworth, 15/ n.

Zschaetzsch (Karl Georg). Die Herkunft und Geschichte des arischen Stammes. 9½x6½. 527 pp. Berlin-Nikolassee, Arier-Verlag, 25/.

PERIODICALS.

Amour de l'Art. Sept. Paris, Librairie de France, 5fr. 50.

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